DELMORE,

OR

MODERN FRIENDSHIP.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. ROBERTS.

———— "There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face; —
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust."

SHAKESPEARE.

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2

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CHAPTER I.

THE important objects of the embassy to Russia were successfully accomplished; and every subject of dispute and difference of opinion adjusted and settled, on those broad and liberal principles that should distinguish two magnanimous nations, whose mutual interests and reciprocal security require the strictest harmony and friendship. Lord Henry Del-

more therefore did not long delay to obey his father's summons to return to England.

The conspicuous talents and extensive political information of Delmore, had impressed the statesmen of Petersburgh with an elevated opinion of his abilities:—they considered him as a nobleman of the most promising expectations, and entertained the most flattering predictions of his future eminence.—The elegance of his person, the polished urbanity of his manners, and the engaging affability of his behaviour, united to high rank and splendid fortune, attracted the attentions of the most illustrious personages, and rendered him a conspicuous ornament in the gay and fashionable circles of that voluptuous capital.

Even the pleasing expectation of revisiting his native land;—the delightful sensations which the antici-

pation of again mixing in the social parties of our friends and family, excite in a noble and ingenuous mind; —the anxious curiosity of affection and friendship, could not prevent some emotions of regret in parting, perhaps for ever, from those persons, by whom he had been received and treated with such cordial kindness and gratifying distinction. Mutual presents were reciprocally interchanged:—those endearing pledges of love and friendship, which serve to revivify the fading recollection of scenes of former happiness and delight!—Busy memory then retraces, with mingled emotions of joy and regret, those hours of affectionate regard, when life was painted with the brilliant colouring of hope and pleasure.

The fatigue and inconvenience of a tedious and dangerous voyage, were removed by the cordial and affec-

tionate reception that Delmore experienced from his brother and his amiable and accomplished partner.

On his arrival at Lord Arlington's, Delmore received a letter from the Marquis of Melrose, replete with every demonstration of the warmest interest and tenderest solicitude, that a kind and indulgent father could manifest to an adored and deserving son. The Marquis pressed Lord Henry to proceed, as soon as he was sufficiently refreshed from the fatigues of his voyage, to Melrose Castle; where his mother and sister were impatiently solicitous of again embracing a being, who possessed and merited their unbounded love and admiration.

Delmore determined to delay his journey for a few days. His benevolent and ingenuous mind was gratified by the contemplation of his brother's domestic felicity; but his gene-

rous sympathy and unfeigned regret were excited by the apprehension, that the delicate constitution and precarious health of Lord Arlington, would prematurely terminate this display of connubial happiness.

Lord Arlington had been united to his amiable wife within a short period after the departure of Delmore for Russia. The marriage was concluded under the happiest auspices; — and in the felicity and filial attentions of Lady Arlington, Lord Ossington experienced augmented satisfaction, by contrasting her affectionate behaviour with the ill-judged and undutiful conduct of his youngest daughter.

Miss Ossington had ever been the ornament of her family, the idol of her parents, and the delight of her acquaintance: as the wife of Lord Arlington, her sphere of usefulness and

action was enlarged; and her heart and mind expanded with the increase of her social duties.

Delmore, who always entertained the greatest esteem for Miss Ossington, uniformly encouraged his brother's attachment, from the conviction that her amiable disposition and unaffected gentleness, combining with a cultivated mind and mild benignity of heart, would so completely accord with Lord Arlington's temper and habits, that the uninterrupted enjoyment of domestic comfort, would be the result of such a congenial union. The realization of his hopes and wishes conveyed a pleasing satisfaction to his benevolent heart: and he even departed with some reluctance for Melrose Castle.

Delmore's arrival diffused universal pleasure and unmingled joy to every inhabitant of the Castle. His father

was gratified by the return of a son who promised to surpass his most sanguine expectations. The Marchioness of Melrose was enraptured, at again beholding a being who had uniformly evinced such respectful duty and delicate attention: — his sister and Miss Temple were delighted by the re-appearance of a kind and tender relative: — Lady Sarah Temple's austerity relaxed into smiles in viewing so distinguished an ornament of her family: — while the servants were eagerly crowding to demonstrate, by their officious exertions, their attachment and respect.

Those who have experienced the heart-dissolving ecstacies of such a reception after a considerable absence, may conceive the mingled feelings of joy, thankfulness, and gratitude which agitated and possessed the breast of Delmore on this reunion. The solici-

tude and kindness of his parents forcibly impressed the most grateful sensations: and he devoutly thanked the GOD of nature, for his beneficent protection of the authors of his existence. The affection and pleasure manifested by his sister and cousin, thrilled his bosom with renovated delight; — in rejoining those to whom he was so tenderly attached; — with whom he had shared the joys and pastimes of infancy. A pleasing surprise was excited by the agreeable alteration which the improving hand of time had produced. Miss Temple was matured into an elegant and accomplished female; — and Lady Georgina, the giddy, volatile romp, was mellowed and refined to a lively vivacious girl.

The most distinguished persons in the county were invited to a succession of magnificent entertainments to celebrate his return.

Melrose Castle was re-enlivened by constant festivities, and crowded with visitors.

The Marquis of Melrose had been importunately solicitous for the return of his son. Ambition and interest combined with parental tenderness, in superinducing the father's eagerness and anxiety for the presence of Delmore. —The approaching general election would afford an opportunity of placing him in that elevated situation, where his splendid talents, powerful eloquence, and great political information might be displayed, to promote the advantage and prosperity of his country, to consolidate the influence of his family, and secure the advancement of his own consequence.

The declining health of Lord Arlington, rendered the Marquis more studiously intent on forming a plea-

sing and honourable alliance for his youngest son.

During Delmore's residence at Petersburgh, this important subject had frequently occupied the attention of, and been repeatedly discussed by, the family-circle at Melrose. Lady Sarah Temple, who was intimately acquainted with her brother's ambitious and aspiring views, suggested the propriety of his son's immediate marriage. She artfully insinuated the probability of a man of Delmore's extreme sensibility and susceptible feelings, being captivated by the elegant accomplishments, or beautiful person of some indigent or obscure female.

The effect produced by these suggestions, corresponded with her intentions; and even surpassed her fondest hopes. — The Marquis declared, that he merely desired to secure an honour-

able and powerful connection; — "as Lord Henry," he observed, "will inherit the extensive estates of his grandfather the Duke of Belville, I am little solicitous of pecuniary advantages in my son's marriage; should he form an attachment to a woman of illustrious birth, I shall oppose little objection to such an alliance."

Lady Sarah possessed an unlimited influence over the mind of the Marchioness of Melrose; — she had ever experienced the tender affection of her brother. — Encouraged by such ascendancy and kindness, she at length ventured to hint, that she should enjoy the highest terrestrial gratification in beholding her daughter the wife of Delmore: such a connection (she was confident) would be hailed with delight by Lord Aubeny, who would then bestow a splendid portion on his grand-daughter.

By enforcing such arguments, and improving on these favourable impressions, Lady Sarah induced a conviction on the mind of the Marquis, that a union between Delmore and her daughter would be desirable and even advantageous;—and as they appeared to be greatly attached to each other during their days of infancy, the parents fondly anticipated that such a proposal would be received by their respective children with joy and rapture.

Such were the powerful motives that actuated the bosom of Lord Melrose; and additionally stimulated the ardour of affection.

Some weeks were absorbed in the interchange of reciprocal hospitality, and visiting the seats of his numerous friends;—and in the generous recollection, Delmore did not omit the venerable Arnold.—The benevolent old

man was gratified by Delmore's condescension and politeness. He expatiated with the verbose garrulity of age concerning his former inmates;—he dilated on Maria's beauty and the sweetness of her disposition;—and incessantly and pathetically lamented her departure. He officiously informed Lord Henry, that Mrs. Lascelles had quitted England.—"She promised however," said the old man, "that my darling little favourite should again enliven my cottage, on her return."

Delmore frequently renewed his visits to the abode of honesty and benevolence.

In the succeeding month, the inhabitants of Great Britain exercised the inestimable and envied privilege, enjoyed only by freemen, of electing persons from their own body, distinguished for the superiority of their

talents, the inflexible firmness of their integrity, or the splendour of their fortune; — to whom they delegated the power of legislating for the community; — of preserving the freedom, and promoting the prosperity of the country; — and protecting the rights and property of their fellow-citizens.

Lord Henry Delmore and his brother were returned, without opposition, for the borough of ———. It would be tedious to enlarge on the familiar detail of the festivity, uproar, confusion and enthusiasm, which prevail at a popular election,—

> " Where every one enjoys
> " His freedom, property, and noise."

The primary desire of the Marquis was scarcely gratified, when his eager impatience was displayed in hurrying the completion of that plan, which he had projected for the advancement

of his son's felicity, and the consolidation of his house.

One morning, when Lord Henry and his father had terminated an interesting conversation relative to the line of conduct Delmore should pursue in his political career, the Marquis diverted his observations to the precarious health of Lord Arlington. —Delmore tenderly sympathized with his father; and declared that he fervently hoped, that the salubrious climate of Lisbon, to which Lord Arlington intended to repair, would speedily renovate his debilitated frame.

"My expectations of Arlington's restoration," observed the Marquis, "are by no means sanguine:—his physicians indeed confidently assert that there is no appearanee of immediate danger;—but they cannot encourage an assurance of his recovery. This melancholy conviction, combi-

ning with my tender and incessant anxiety for your welfare and happiness, has created an eager desire that you should form a matrimonial connection."

"Your apprehensions for my brother's safety," replied Lord Henry, "will, I trust, be speedily removed by the healthful influence of a milder climate. The affectionate solicitude and generous endeavours, now manifested to promote my felicity and pleasure, have been from the hour of my birth zealous and unremitted: — my gratitude and duty can never be commensurate to the boundless measure of your parental tenderness."

Some farther conversation then ensued, in the course of which the Marquis remarked, that Miss Temple was greatly improved in her mind and person.

"I was highly gratified on my return to Melrose," said Delmore, "to

observe so evident an improvement in my cousin: — she is really an amiable and interesting young woman."

The Marquis again expressed his prevailing wish, that Delmore would enter into some honourable alliance.

"I consider that you cannot fix on a lovelier object than Louisa Temple; — and I frankly declare, that your union with your cousin would be hailed as the harbinger of joy and happiness, by every branch of your family."

This sudden, unexpected, and, in Delmore's opinion, extraordinary proposal, created a momentary embarrassment. As soon as he recovered from the surprise which this avowal occasioned, he explicitly declared his sentiments concerning this projected alliance.

"My duty to those parents who have uniformly consulted my happi-

ness and promoted my enjoyments;—my anxious desire to increase their pleasures and secure their approbation; — would induce me to sacrifice my own inclinations, to advance their views or accomplish their wishes. I must, however, candidly avow, that my heart cannot pay that homage which my cousin's beauty merits, and her accomplishments exact. My bosom is not agitated by a more tender sensation, than the affection and esteem which so near and interesting a relation must inspire.

"This proposal also militates against a plan, on which I am strongly and ardently intent, and to which I had resolved to solicit your concurrence. I am desirous that my mind, which you have so unceasingly endeavoured to expand by science, and embellish with erudition, should be still farther enlarged by observation

and travel. The internal situation of France, after so portentous and eventful a revolution, must present an inexhaustible source of information and reflection to the philosopher, the scholar, or the politician. If therefore you will kindly indulge my irresistible desire of visiting that country, I will, on my return, if Miss Temple will accept so lukewarm and undeserving a lover, endeavour to comply with your favourite wish."

"I could have hoped, my son," observed the Marquis, cordially pressing Lord Henry's hand, "that this marriage would have been more speedily consummated. The ardent curiosity and unextinguished desire of knowledge which have so strongly excited your desire to visit Paris, are however so laudable, that I shall consent to the postponement of the nuptials, in the confident reliance that, on your

return, your duty and affection will then confirm the hopes and expectaions of your family."

This reciprocal concession satisfied both parties. It was determined that they should repair to town next week, that the Marquis might introduce Lord Henry to his political friends, previous to his departure for Paris.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Mansell was received by the Delmore family with every demonstration of esteem and friendship. He had constantly resided at the Castle since his return to England; — and it was agreed by the two friends, that they should proceed to France together. He resolved, however, to continue with his mother during the time that Lord Henry and his father purposed to remain in town.

On the day that the Marquis of Melrose and his son quitted the Castle, Mr. Mansell removed to the habita-

tion of his mother. Delmore could not oppose so natural and amiable an inclination: Lord Henry applauded the filial affection of his friend; and they parted with mutual cordiality.

The ostensible reason of remaining in the country, endeared Mansell more strongly to the liberal and benevolent Delmore.——Mansell's conduct was, however, actuated by different motives, though influenced by those principles, which uniformly governed his actions.

He had secured the friendship of Lord Henry;—he was consulted by him on every important subject;—the most secret recesses of Delmore's heart were openly and undisguisedly developed to his friend.—Encouraged by the confidence reposed, and such unequivocal testimonies of attachment, the penetration of Mansell discerned that his influence over the generous, unsuspicious temper of his friend was

so unbounded, that Delmore would enthusiastically promote every wish and inclination of his heart.

The insinuating address, profound dissimulation, and pleasing manners, which had so firmly conciliated the regard, and cemented the friendship of the brother, could not, in his opinion, fail to excite the tenderness, and captivate the affections of an artless, unsophisticated girl.

Mansell had early discovered the almost irresistible fascination which a beautiful person spreads over the heart of a young female;—and he had too frequently experienced the impression that his graceful form and polished manners had effected on the ladies of Petersburgh, to doubt their influence over a girl of Lady Georgina Delmore's age.

He was of a confident and sanguine disposition;—not easily intimidated

by danger; nor diverted from his purposes by the difficulty of their attainment;—perseverance, he was convinced, would surmount the greatest obstacles; —and the caprice of fortune must ultimately submit to the superior and resistless energies of wisdom.—

———————— "Chance may spoil
"A single aim; but perseverance must
"Prosper at last. For, chance and fate are words;
"Persistive wisdom is the fate of man."

Lady Georgina had ever been particularly distinguished by Mansell's attentions:—her little heart was gratified by the notice of a man so universally admired, and whose merits and talents her parents and brothers were continually extolling.

In the sportive playfulness of infantine frankness, with that *naïveté* which particularly characterised her, the lively child had frequently declared that Mansell should be her

lover. Even in their youthful pastimes, she uniformly displayed her partiality, and evinced a marked regard for the friend of her brothers.

Though Mansell affected to laugh at and disregard Lady Georgina's sprightly observations, he was secretly pleased, and studiously fostered her apparent prepossession. His critical knowledge of the human heart enabled him to appreciate the value, and trace the consequences of such early partiality; and he hoped that as she matured in years and beauty, the opening bud of admiration, which began to blush in infancy, would expand to the full-blown rose of glowing affection.

Lady Georgina had attained that age, when the female heart overflows with sensibility;—when love unconsciously and imperceptibly steals into the youthful breast. Her form was light, airy, and sylph-like;—her coun-

tenance was pleasing and engaging;—her features, though animated, were not regularly beautiful;—but the *tout-ensemble* was strikingly agreeable. The sprightliness of her conversation, the affability of her manners, and the open frankness of her disposition, attracted the affection and esteem of every person. Her feeling bosom, susceptibly alive to the sorrows and distresses of her fellow creatures, sympathised with their misfortunes; and her benevolent hand was ever extended to administer relief to their necessities.

Had Lady Georgina, however, been stripped of these engaging qualities;—had her accomplishments been more limited;—if her person had been divested of those charms and *agremens* which rendered her so attractive;—the ardour of Mansell's pursuit would have been but little abated. Ambition, not love;—interest, not affec-

tion;—were the ruling passions that swayed Mansell's conduct. It was not the blooming ingenuous girl, in whose breast he wished to excite a mutual flame.——No! it was Lady Georgina Delmore,—the daughter of the Marquis of Melrose,—the woman of rank and fortune,—whose heart he determined to enslave;—to whose hand he ambitiously aspired.

Mansell knew the importance of awakening the first emotions of tenderness in the female heart:—when its cords once vibrate harmoniously to the touch of a first love, the author of those rapturous sensations can seldom be expelled from the enchanted bosom. The dart may indeed rankle,—it may consume, but can rarely be extracted!

Mansell was eager to confirm his advantages, and secure his conquest. The contiguity of his mother's resi-

dence to Melrose Castle, enabled him to visit the ladies daily. He joined Lady Georgina and her cousin in their musical essays;—and occasionally engaged with the Marchioness and Lady Sarah Temple at the card-table.

As Lady Georgina usually took an airing on horseback, Mansell generally contrived to accompany her in these excursions: and, as her cousin Louisa was frequently confined by her mother's indisposition, he enjoyed repeated opportunities of engaging her in a conversation adapted to his purposes. He endeavoured, by the most insinuating address and pleasing attention, to engage her affections;—to revivify the smothering fire;—to increase her evident partiality;—and to mould her sentiments to his own wishes.

During her earlier days, Lady Georgina had chiefly resided in the country. She was particularly delighted with,

and diligently pursued, the study of botany;—in which pleasing science she had been originally initiated by Mr. Ainsworth, her brother's tutor. Mansell encouraged her by offers of assistance to prosecute this delightful employment;—which, while it afforded him more frequent opportunities of enjoying her society, unrestrained by the presence of her mother, supplied him also with repeated occasions to expatiate on topics calculated to harmonize and dissolve the soul with tenderness.

He instructed his lovely scholar to arrange the different plants according to the classification of Linnæus:—he explained the flowing of the sap, analagous to the circulation of the blood in the human body;—the use of the leaves, supposed to perform the office of lungs;—and the operations of the roots, by which they are nourished and supported. He developed their

organization and perpetuation;—and displayed the sexual system of the great Naturalist:

"How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
"Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
"With honey'd lips enamour'd woodbines meet,
"Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses
"sweet."

Mansell painted in glowing colours the various enchantments of this bewitching science;—and expatiated on that principle of love and attraction, by which the beneficent AUTHOR of Nature has linked the vegetable, as well as animal creation. By his eloquent observations and animated descriptions, he elevated the contemplations of his charming pupil, and filled her bosom with admiration and rapture.

In these moments when her mind soared above the grovelling level of mortality,—when her heart expanded

with the most delicate and soul-dissolving sensations, — Mansel seized every favourable occasion to instil principles, and infuse sentiments, propitious to his hopes and desires.

He was, however, too cautious to make any direct professions of love: —he was conscious of the imprudence and danger of unfolding his real sentiments to so young a girl; — in whose discretion he could not confide; — whose candour and ingenuousness might, by a premature discovery, destroy the rising fabric of his future greatness. The towering pride and undisguised haughtiness of the Marquis of Melrose (he was too fatally convinced) would reject with indignation and scorn, the very suspicion of such an alliance: — Should he therefore presumptuously aspire to a union with his daughter, his

powerful protection would be immediately and eternally withdrawn; — and the insulted father would dismiss him from his presence with contempt and contumely.

Too sagacious to hazard the destruction of his projects when they were rapidly advancing to maturity,—Mansell contented himself with encouraging, by the captivating display of those graces and accomplishments with which he was so liberally endued, the increase of that partiality and esteem which Lady Georgina had, almost from her infancy, cherished for her favourite companion.

During the continuance of his residence in the vicinity of Melrose Castle, he vigilantly sought to conciliate her good opinion by his delicate attentions and pleasing conversations; — and he seized with avidity

every opportunity of exhibiting those perfections and acquirements which might tend to augment her prepossession, and rivet her affections.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Melrose were, however, his most powerful and successful advocates; — and though they would have indignantly spurned the offers of Mansell, and insultingly have rejected him for a son-in-law,— they had unconsciously, but effectually, smoothed the road to the establishment of his dominion over their daughter's heart.

From her earliest years, Lady Georgina had been accustomed to consider Mansell, as a youth of the most distinguished abilities and promising expectations; and her parents were perpetually bestowing the most lavish encomiums on his virtues and accomplishments. He was the confiden-

tial friend and inseparable companion of her favourite brother; — and Lord Henry regarded him as a being of the most transcendant merit.

Her early prepossession thus confirmed and strengthened by the opinions and sentiments of her dearest connections, and still farther increased by his graceful exterior and attractive qualities, expanded into the glowing fervour of ardent affection. She became occasionally uneasy, restless, and absent; — her vivacity was often clouded; — she experienced sensations novel to her bosom: — when she attempted to address Mansell, she was now for the first time embarrassed and confused; — her only delight was centered in the society of the idol of her affections; — she considered him superior to every created being; — and she dreaded the hour that would

separate her from one whom her bosom found to be so essential to its peace and happiness.

Time however flew on downy pinions;—in the company of her lover every sorrow was forgotten, and, had not her joy been obscured by the gloomy certainty, that these halcyon days would speedily terminate, Lady Georgina would have enjoyed the most ecstatic pleasure and rapturous delight.

The period of Mansell's departure to join his friend, was now arrived; and his journey to town could no longer be delayed.

On the morning of his removal, he stopped in his travelling-chaise at Melrose Castle, to enquire whether the ladies had any additional commands.

The Marchioness of Melrose, Lady

Sarah Temple, and Louisa, had left the Castle early in the morning, on a visit to a friend: but, as Lady Georgina had been slightly indisposed for some days, she could not accompany them.

On entering the drawing-room, Mansell was surprised and pleased to find the interesting girl alone. — He tenderly regretted her apparent lassitude and debility; — and endeavoured to excite her liveliest sympathy by gently declaring, that the pleasure of his intended excursion was clouded by the regret of parting. — Lady Georgina could scarcely reply: — her exertions however momentarily dissipated the languor of sickness: she impressively and significantly observed, "That the hour of his return to England, would be anxiously and impatiently expected by all his friends."

"I shall ardently pant," said Mansell, "to revisit England:—but the keenness of regret in leaving my native land is increased by my reluctance to lose the society of the lovely object I now behold."

Lady Georgina's countenance was suffused with blushes:—a tear trembled in her eye:—her emotions were too powerful for concealment;—and she could with difficulty support herself. Mansell perceived her agitation; and, fearful lest the return of the Marchioness should produce a premature discovery, he took an interesting farewell;—and, elated with the impression he had so evidently and powerfully made on her susceptible heart, exultingly pursued his journey.

CHAPTER III.

As Lord Arlington intended so soon to embark for Lisbon, Delmore devoted the greatest part of his time to participate in the society of a brother for whom he entertained the most sincere affection; — whose altered appearance excited the most serious alarm; — and whose precarious health rendered it problematical, whether these affectionate relatives were not speedily destined to take an eternal farewell.

Lady Arlington prevailed on Delmore to accompany her on a morning

visit to Lady Dashall, whom he had not seen since her precipitate elopement from Melrose Castle.

The amorous pair had been pursued by Lord Ossington; but the father arrived too late to prevent their union. He neither upbraided nor reproached his daughter;—he only resolved not to subject any portion of his property, to be dissipated or diminished by an unprincipled gamester. The splendid fortune bequeathed to Emma Ossington by her uncle, was however entirely submitted to the controul and disposal of Lord Dashall. Relieved, by the property of his wife, from the embarrassments that almost overwhelmed him, Lord Dashall enlarged his establishment;—augmented his stud at Newmarket;—and plunged with redoubled avidity, into the destructive and syren vortex of gaming.

A splendid mansion in St. James's

square was fitted up for the new-married pair, with all the luxurious embellishment and costly decoration of modern refinement. Lady Dashall's equipage was the object of universal envy and admiration; and in the gorgeous splendour, profuse expense, and the multitude of visitors, her crowded parties surpassed the emulative rivalry of every competitor. Her prodigality and thoughtlessness, co-operating with the dissipation and voluptuousness of her husband, his infatuated attachment to play, and total inattention to his affairs, had, in the short period of three years, renewed Lord Dashall's former embarrassments, and re-involved him in pecuniary difficulties. Yet no retrenchment was ever meditated; — no diminution of expense, no reduction of retinue followed. The same enormous establishment, similar profusion, and luxurious indul-

gence were continued; — and Lord and Lady Dashall would never relinquish any voluptuous delight or extravagant gratification, while a tradesman could be found sufficiently weak, credulous, or avaricious, to supply the means of luxury and enjoyment.

They had however experienced several unpleasant interruptions of their pleasures. Some insolent creditors, who had been regular duns every day in St. James's Square for the last twelve months, had presumed to institute a suit against Lord Dashall; and the officers of the law had audaciously imposed their iron hands on his Lordship's gaudy equipage, handsome horses, and splendid furniture. —— These impertinent attacks had been familiar; but as the restriction was soon removed, they produced little effect on minds steeled by apathy,

and perverted by the contagion of vicious example.

Their career of dissipation and prodigality had been last week rudely impeded.—Lord Dashall had borrowed ten thousand pounds of a Mr. Noble, on the assurance that Lord Ossington had stipulated to pay fifty thousand pounds as his daughter's portion.

The merchant, who had accommodated him with this supply, had repeatedly demanded repayment; but his Lordship had constantly postponed it,—alleging that as his father-in-law would be inconvenienced to fulfil his engagements, he could not at present press him on the subject. Surprised at this irregularity in a man possessed of a princely revenue, and celebrated for his scrupulous punctuality, Mr. Noble communicated his suspicions to a friend of Lord Ossing-

ton; who assured him that, so far from that nobleman having any intention of advancing fifty thousand pounds to Lord Dashall, it was notorious that they were scarcely on terms of distant civility.

Disgusted with Lord Dashall's duplicity, Mr. Noble immediately put his bond in force; and sent an execution into his Lordship's house.

Lady Dashall flew to her father;—and, in the most pathetic terms, with streaming eyes and the tenderest entreaties, conjured him to rescue her from disgrace and ruin.

Lord Ossington at first resisted her supplication; but the affectionate father, moved by the tears, and afflicted by the distress of his daughter, soon consented to discharge the debt;—expressly and impressively stating, that any solicitation of future assistance would be disregarded;—

and all expectations of relief delusive.

"I shall ever," he concluded, "consider myself bound, by every feeling of nature and affection, to provide for you and your offspring; but I will never again advance a single shilling to administer to the licentiousness, or feed the excesses of a gamester."

The aweful warning and pathetic exhortation of her father were forgotten or disregarded:—relieved from the pressure of immediate difficulty, the recollection of their recent embarrassment soon vanished.

Though the dissimilarity of their pursuits and the uncongeniality of their sentiments, precluded any great intimacy between the sisters, they occasionally visited; and Lady Arlington now called in St. James's Square, to take leave of Lady Dashall, previous to her departure for Lisbon.

The visitors were received by Lady Dashall, with the greatest cordiality and complacence;—her countenance beamed with joy and satisfaction—as she complimented Delmore on his return to England. She considered so elegant a young nobleman as a brilliant acquisition to her parties:—impressed with this pleasing anticipation, her spirits were exhilarated—her conversation was sprightly and animated,—and she could with difficulty assume even the affectation of regret for the occasion of her sister's voyage.

Delmore, in return, felicitated her Ladyship, on her blooming appearance and accustomed vivacity.

"Apropos! my Lady," observed Lord Henry; "I particularly wish to see Lord Dashall;—can you inform me if he is at home and disengaged?"

Lady Dashall rang the bell for Lord Dashall's man. On his appearance, "Mathewson," said her Ladyship, "is Lord Dashall at home, and at leisure?"

"His Lordship," replied Mathewson, "did not return from Brooks' until eight o'clock this morning; and he is not yet stirring."

Delmore was amazed at the indifference and *nonchalance*, with which Lady Dashall had interrogated the servant and listened to his answer.

Instead of the *sang-froid* which her Ladyship evinced, he naturally concluded, that a wife would have been overwhelmed with alarm and terror, to hear that her husband had passed the night at the gaming-table;—where perhaps the fortune and happiness of his family, his own character and peace of mind, might have been eternally destroyed by the cast of the fatal die.

Lady Dashall's mind however was not disturbed by such unpleasant reflections. The noble couple entertained the most perfect indifference for each other. While her Lord devoted his hours to the gaming-table and Newmarket, her Ladyship rioted in every excess of voluptuousness and luxury, that the licence of fashionable life allows; — and the only point in which they appeared to act in concert, or agree in sentiment, was a determined abhorrence of œconomy and prudence, and a zealous and unceasing endeavour to dissipate and consume their fortune.

Her flippant Ladyship overpowered Delmore with innumerable questions concerning the manners, dresses, and amusements of the Russian Ladies. Her volubility was arrested by the entrance of a servant, who delivered a letter from Major Belford.

"The young lady who brought it, waits for an answer, my Lady."

Glancing her eye over the contents, Lady Dashall drawlingly observed,

"Tell the young person, I know nothing about it."

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed her Ladyship, turning to her sister: "a girl scribbling poetry!"

"Who is this votary of the muses?" asked Lady Arlington.

Lady Dashall presented the letter to her sister.

Lady Arlington perused the contents with mingled emotions of pity, indignation, and contempt: — her feeling bosom compassionated the distresses and regretted the struggles, which a brave and gallant officer must have endured to submit to the degrading humiliation of soliciting a subscription. She was shocked at the frigid and disdainful answer.

With contempt and sorrow, she regarded the being who, while squandering immense sums on artificial flowers, or personal decorations, and whose husband was nightly staking thousands on a single cast, — would not subtract, from the pursuit of dissipation and frivolity, a single guinea, to relieve a female orphan, whose virtue, talents, and misfortunes, should have been a sufficient recommendation.

Had Lady Arlington known that Major Belford had preserved the life of Lord Dashall's father in battle, — her detestation would have been excited by such complicated apathy, neglect, and ingratitude!

During the time Lady Arlington was perusing Major Belford's letter, Lady Dashall wearied Delmore by her frivolous questions and trifling remarks.

"I am informed, my Lord," ob-

served this voluble lady, "that you purpose to visit France immediately."

"Such is my intention," replied Delmore.

"I shall endeavour to persuade Lord Dashall," continued her Ladyship, "to indulge me with a trip to Paris.—My friend Lady Modish gives a most bewitching description of that enchanting city:—the splendour of their spectacles;—the elegant costume of the ladies;—the variety of their amusements;—the magnificence——!"

The entrance of a servant again interrupted the torrent of her utterance.

"The person recommended by Lady Betty Finikin, has brought the dog, my Lady; and says the price is ten guineas."

"Oh! bring the dear creature up," exclaimed Lady Dashall, "and or-

der the house-steward to pay the man."

The dog was immediately ushered into the room: — her Ladyship expatiated on and minutely pointed out the numerous beauties of the sweet creature! — and profusely applauded the taste of her dear friend Lady Betty!

Lady Arlington availed herself of the arrival of this new favourite, to depart; and as Lady Dashall was engaged to attend a sale of Parisian ornaments at Phillips's, she discovered no inclination to detain her visitors.

As soon as Delmore was seated in his sister's carriage, he addressed her: — "Pray, Lady Arlington! may I be permitted to enquire the name of the young Sappho, who purposes to publish the effusions of her muse?"

"Certainly," said Lady Arlington, looking at the prospectus: — "her

"name is Dormer; it was inclosed
"in a letter from a Major Belford:—
"that gentleman concisely stated that
"Miss Dormer had been thrown on
"his protection at a tender age;—
"that she had been educated under
"the care of his departed wife;—
"and as he had no children, the in-
"teresting orphan was loved with
"equal tenderness, and regarded with
"the same consideration, as his own
"daughter.—The Major hinted at
"the embarrassed and perplexed state
"of his affairs, occasioned by the
"villainy and bankruptcy of Mr. Pil-
"lage, his attorney. He frankly de-
"clared that the dear girl, in the
"hopes of alleviating his difficulties,
"had determined to publish her Poems
"by subscription.—Having fruit-
"lessly endeavoured to oppose her in-
"tention, he had presumed on his in-
"timacy with the late Lord Dashall

"and a slight acquaintance with his "son, to recommend his lovely *pro- "tegée* to her Ladyship's considera- "tion."

Lady Arlington had scarcely concluded her interesting recital; when Delmore, pretending to recollect an important engagement, requested her to set him down at the corner of Bond-street. — He wished to spare Lady Arlington the painful task of animadverting on the neglect, frivolity, and apathy of her sister. His ardent mind stimulated him to make an immediate enquiry concerning the unknown author.

As the prospectus intimated that the Poems would be published by Hookham, Delmore instantaneously proceeded to the shop of that bookseller. —He informed Mr. Hookham, that Lady Arlington would be obliged to him for Miss Dormer's address.

The desired information was scarcely obtained, when Lord Henry proceeded to Brooks's. He immediately dispatched a porter with a letter to Major Belford, with strict injunctions not to mention the name of the person who sent it.

The generous and benevolent heart of Delmore was gratified by the relief of distress, in whatever shape it was presented: he could make great allowance and liberal indulgence for misfortunes, even when produced by imprudence or extravagance; — as he knew that the severity of the punishment generally exceeded the errors that induced it: — but when the ingenious, the honourable and deserving, were groaning under the pressure of unmerited inflictions, his sympathetic heart participated in their sorrows, and burned with impatient ardour to

wipe the tear of misery from the eye of suffering virtue.

Lord Henry was the enthusiastic admirer of genius and talents. He considered that a British nobleman consulted his own honour and the advantage of his country, by encouraging the arts, and patronizing literature. Every production, that was calculated to *enlarge* the mind or *ameliorate* the heart, was, in his opinion, deserving of support; and the Poems of Miss Dormer might burn with all the glowing ardour of a *Corinna*, or breathe the plaintive tenderness of a *Sappho*. — He highly applauded the connection between the learned and the great. He recollected that *Mecænas* was immortalized as the patron of Horace and the Mantuan Bard; — and that the names of *Harley* and *St. John*, will eternally flourish in the verse of Pope and

Swift, while the actions of greater statesmen, purer patriots, and sounder politicians, will be buried in the gulph of oblivion.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS DORMER returned to Mount-street, dejected, mortified, and desponding. She had proceeded to Lady Dashall's, flushed with hope and expectation: — the poignancy of disappointment therefore was aggravated by the anticipated certainty of success. Her affectionate bosom was deeply wounded by the mortifying contempt, with which Lady Dashall had rejected the recommendation of her generous protector. She dreaded to outrage his honourable feelings by the recital of the cold neglect which she had experienced. —

Major Belford discerned the traits of her disappointment, depictured in her countenance; — he anticipated her observations;—and desired her to abstain from the humiliating recapitulation.

"The character and habits of Lady Dashall," observed the venerable soldier, "should have convinced me, that your virtue, talents, and misfortunes, unaided by the patronage of some distinguished personages, would be a feeble recommendation: — but I had hoped, that the services which I have rendered that family, would have been remembered; — and as I have never solicited nor received any favours, I did expect that this solitary request would have been readily acceded to."

"Genius and literature," said Miss Dormer, dejectedly, "may vainly expect patronage and encouragement. A female author must not cherish the

illusive hope of support or protection from her own sex. Hapless, ill-fated woman! debarred by the institutions of society from engaging in those lucrative professions, where talents and merit obtain the certain reward of honourable exertion; you must seek a refuge from galling penury in the degrading labour of a menial condition, or derive a guilty support in the contaminated paths of pollution and infamy!"

"You wrong the world, my dear Harriet, by this indiscriminate censure. Though the unfeeling dissipated wife of a profligate gamester can neither relish the effusions of a cultivated mind, nor enjoy the soul-approving pleasure of diffusive benevolence;—there are many accomplished, enlightened woman, whose bosoms glow with the most ardent generosity; whose expanded intellects

derive the purest delight from the elegant productions of taste; and whose sympathetic breasts are susceptibly responsive to the wants and afflictions of their fellow-creatures. The female branches of the illustrious Family on the Throne are conspicuously eminent for the patronage and encouragement they afford to the virtuous and ingenious of their own sex.

"Youth is easily elated,—and too readily depressed. Your sanguine imaginations decorate life with the glowing colouring of hope and joy;—your lively fancies present its paths enamelled with beauteous flowers and strewed with roses:—should you therefore, in this ideal road of flowery sweets, be torn with brambles or stung with nettles;—you immediately yield to disappointment and despondence.

"The rational and pious mind,

however, submits with devout resignation to the dispensations of Providence;—and mitigates the keenness of neglect, and soothes the acuteness of misfortune by the consolatory reflection, that the severest sufferings of this transitory life are fleeting and evanescent, and that persecuted virtue will repose in beatitude and security, in a future and more permanent state of existence."

The entrance of a servant, with a letter, interrupted the conversation.—Major Belford immediately opened the envelope, and presented an inclosed letter to Miss Dormer. She instantly examined the contents:—the letter contained a bank-note of five pounds, with these words:

"*From the Friend of genius and merit.*"

"Read this epistle!" said the animated girl; "yes indeed, Sir, there

are bosoms which sympathize with the unfortunate; there are generous spirits who will protect and patronize genius."

Major Belford then enquired, if the person who brought the letter was in waiting.

The servant replied, that the man merely delivered the letter, and immediately disappeared.

Miss Dormer concluded, that Lady Dashall had preferred this secret, unostentatious mode of gratifying a benevolent and charitable disposition, to any public or avowed protection.

Major Belford however was sceptical;—he knew Lady Dashall to be frivolous, proud, vain, and ostentatious; her breast would feel no enjoyment from the exercise of secret charity; she was not one of those philanthropists who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

Yet, though he rejected the idea of this letter proceeding from Lady Dashall, he could not imagine from what quarter this seasonable relief could have originated.

The evening was spent in various and fruitless conjectures, concerning their unknown benefactor; —and the gallant soldier and his amiable *protegée* closed a day of mingled joy and sorrow, in fervent and grateful adoration of that Being, who had so providentially and unexpectedly prompted a generous bosom to alleviate their miseries.

CHAPTER V.

On the following morning, Major Belford and Miss Dormer were honoured with a visit from Lord Henry Delmore.

With the easy frankness and liberal assurance of a man of fashion, he apologized to Major Belford for his apparent intrusion. He then concisely stated the fortuitous circumstance by which he became acquainted with Miss Dormer's intention of publishing her Poems; and concluded by observing, that, as his sister Lady Arlington intended to leave town to-morrow, she would be gratified if Miss

Dormer would call on her this morning in Grosvenor-square.

Surprise, gratitude, and delight, for a moment, arrested their utterance; in his noble visitor, Major Belford immediately discovered their unknown, generous benefactor.

The worthy veteran and the amiable orphan overpowered their distinguished visitor with thanks and gratitude.

Delmore, though he did not acknowledge his benefaction, would not stoop to a falsehood to conceal it:—he neither admitted nor denied it: — he however stopped the repetition of acknowledgments, at which his delicacy revolted, by hinting, that, as Lady Arlington could not, after this morning, enjoy the pleasure of seeing Miss Dormer, she particularly requested her immediate appearance.

"Harriet, my dear," said Major

Belford, "I wish you to proceed immediately to Grosvenor Square."

While the lovely orphan retired to put on her hat and pelisse, Major Belford, who, from the moment of Delmore's entrance, had fixed his eyes intently on his countenance, discovering that he was somewhat disconcerted, by the fixedness of his gaze, apologized for this freedom:—

"Pardon me, my Lord, but your features recall to my mind the image of my early friend and noble protector, Lord Charles Delmore."

"My uncle!" exclaimed Delmore; "were you so well acquainted?"

"He commanded the regiment of dragoons, of which I was major, at the battle of ——; where he received the fatal ball, that deprived the country of one of its bravest officers; and robbed society of its brightest ornament."

"Good heaven!" said Delmore, "are you the Major Belford who so carefully and affectionately attended my uncle during his last moments?"

"Yes, my Lord, I closed the eyes of my departed friend;—I received his parting injunctions;—he expired in these arms!"

Major Belford then related every particular attending the wound and death of Lord Charles Delmore;—and expatiated, with all the ardour and prolixity of friendship, on the gallant intrepidity, the beneficent disposition, and active benevolence of his lamented friend.

In the society of his uncle's friend, Delmore lost the restraint of a first meeting;—and with the familiarity of friendship, he presumed to gratify his curiosity by interrogating the Major concerning Miss Dormer.

The honest veteran frankly developed to the nephew of his friend the mysterious circumstance of her first introduction to his notice.

" My constitution," he continued, " having been for some time in a de- " bilitated and declining condition, " occasioned by the severe wounds " which I had received, —I was ad- " vised by my physicians to try " the renovating effects of a mild cli- " mate.

" Mrs. Belford and myself repaired " to Naples: in the house where we " resided, an English Lady of the " name of Dormer had apartments. " She walked out one evening, in- " forming her maid that she intended " to return immediately. However, " she did not re-appear! and as she " has never been discovered, we con- " jectured that Mrs. Dormer had been

" robbed and murdered by some of
" the assassins who infest the city of
" Naples.

" Her servant declared to my wife,
" that she was unacquainted with the
" name or residence of any friend, or
" relation of her mistress. In an
" agony of grief, she protested that
" Miss Dormer and herself would be
" exposed to misery and want, unless
" we humanely protected them. The
" engaging appearance of the lovely
" girl, combined with the mysterious
" absence of the mother, powerfully
" interested our feelings. Mrs. Bel-
" ford and myself, resolved to pro-
" tect the beautiful orphan; and if
" she should never be claimed or ac-
" knowledged by her relations, we
" determined, as we had no children,
" to adopt her as our own daughter.
" I have unremittingly, but fruit-
" lessly, endeavoured to discover her

"family or connexions: — indeed I
"should be now almost selfish enough
"to regret the discovery, as the
"soothing attentions and tender care
"of this amiable girl have, since the
"death of my lamented wife, been
"the chief solace of my declining
"years."

As Delmore had now extended his visit to an immoderate length; — after warmly pressing Major Belford to favour him with an early call at Delmore House, he departed.

Miss Dormer was received by Lady Arlington with the most condescending politeness and pleasing affability. The feeling heart of this excellent woman had been strongly interested by the affecting simplicity of Major Belford's letter. She was prepossessed in favour of the object of his recommendation; and the engaging manners,

modest deportment, and intelligent countenance of Harriet Dormer, confirmed her predilection. Lady Arlington lamented, that her immediate journey would prevent her from rendering any effectual assistance.—She delicately requested Miss Dormer to accept a liberal present;—and desired her to call on the Duchess of Chatsworth, and Mr. Woodlands; and inform them that she had been recommended by Lady Arlington. The condescending affability of this distinguished female, was a soothing balm to an oppressed bosom.

With a heart overflowing with sensibility, and melting with gratitude, the delighted girl flew to —— House.

To those who have ever possessed an opportunity of knowing the Duchess of Chatsworth, it will be unnecessary to observe, that the young votary

of the Muses was patronized, assisted, and encouraged. Her enlarged mind and cultivated taste could appreciate the value, and her generous spirit prompted her to foster the productions of genius: — her sympathizing bosom ever melted with the woes, and panted to soothe the miseries, and alleviate the distresses of her fellow-creatures.

In this enchanting female, Miss Dormer saw the most rapturous beauty, enlightened intellect, refined taste, and expansive benevolence happily blended. The person, manners, and behaviour of the lovely Duchess forcibly recalled to her mind the lines of an elegant modern Poet:

" In whose blest frame were happily combin'd,
" The feeling bosom and th' illumin'd mind!
" A spirit finely touch'd by Nature's hand,
" Prompt to perform, where virtue gave command:

"Prompt on affliction's wound to pour relief,
"And bind the bleeding artery of grief*."

Charmed with the liberality and kindness of this fascinating woman, and exulting in the anticipation of the pleasure her venerable protector would receive from the recital of her success, Harriet Dormer proceeded with jocund steps and exhilarated spirits to * * *.

Her merit and talents, unaided by such powerful recommendation, would have secured the patronage of the munificent Mr. Woodlands. Does supplicating virtue apply for relief;—should the afflicted widow or deserted orphan pour their sorrows into his bosom;—should distressed or oppressed merit reluctantly unveil its miseries;—

* The angelic Georgina is, alas! no more!—The sons and daughters of affliction will bedew her grave with tributary tears; and every child of genius shade her tomb with votive cypress!

in Mr. Woodlands, they will ever meet a sympathizing friend, and liberal benefactor. If the son of genius solicit his support;—should an establishment be attempted for the encouragement of British artists, and the advancement of the fine arts;—should a fund be instituted for the relief of the widows and orphans of our gallant defenders;—is a society to be erected to arrest the ravages of a cruel disfiguring distemper;—should an association be formed to ameliorate the condition of the poor;—Mr. Woodlands will ever be distinguished as the enlightened patron and generous supporter!

Mr. Woodlands cheerfully and zealously co-operated with her exalted friends to patronize and encourage the blooming orphan: and Harriet Dormer retired from the abode of generosity and benevolence, impressed

with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and admiration. She impatiently hurried to Mount-street. The animated girl painted with the glowing, vivid colouring of youthful joy, the condescension and liberality of her exalted patrons. Major Belford's heart beat with ecstacy at the impassioned recital of his lovely *protegée.* He had himself experienced a pleasing gratification from the friendly and generous conduct manifested by the nephew of his early friend and noble protector. Mutually delighted, they gave unbounded loose to the pleasure that revelled in their bosoms. The keenness of disappointment and the gloominess of despondence were dissipated;—and glowing fancy presented only the brilliant image of hope, and the glittering hues of joyous expectation.

CHAPTER VI.

DELMORE accompanied Lord and Lady Arlington to Falmouth. Lord Henry waited till the very moment of their embarkation; and, after parting with these affectionate relatives, with the tenderest concern and poignant regret, he returned to town.

As Major Belford had repeatedly called in Berkeley-Square during his absence, Delmore paid him an early visit; — and was highly pleased with the polished manners and intelligent conversation of the gallant veteran. It was Delmore's wish to remove the

reluctance of reserve, and banish restraint by frequent and familiar intercourse, before he attempted to investigate the precise situation of the Major's affairs, or propose any plan for his future establishment.

Lord Charles Delmore bequeathed the bulk of his splendid fortune to his eldest nephew:—a legacy of two thousand pounds, devised to Major Belford, marked his affection, and evinced his regard for his companion in arms. In his last letters to the Marquis of Melrose and Lord Arlington, Lord Charles conjured them to promote the interest, and facilitate the advancement, of his friend.——Since his decease, Lord Arlington had ineffectually endeavoured to follow the directions, and obey the injunctions of his departed uncle.

On his return from his first visit in Mount-street, Delmore communicated

to his brother the interesting disclosure, that *the* Major Belford, with whom he had so accidentally become acquainted, had been the intimate companion and bosom-friend of Lord Charles Delmore. Lord Arlington regretted, that he could not personally fulfil his uncle's dying wishes, by placing Major Belford in a situation of ease and independence. Previous to his departure for Lisbon, he requested, that some immediate and permanent provision should be made for Major Belford's establishment;—the amount and mode of the advance he confided to the discretion of his father and brother.

The execution of Lord Arlington's munificent intentions was intrusted by the Marquis of Melrose to the management of Lord Henry Delmore. Still he was greatly perplexed. Lady Arlington had, indeed, in an indi-

rect manner, obtained the information of Major Belford's pecuniary embarrassments; yet some address was required to extort the necessary disclosure, and to proffer the meditated assistance, without hurting the delicacy, or wounding the pride, of the worthy veteran.

He was ruminating on the most desirable mode of opening the subject; when a servant entered with a message, that, if his Lordship was disengaged, and at leisure, Major Belford would be happy in an interview.

Lord Henry desired that Major Belford might be immediately admitted.

Some polite enquiries from Major Belford, respecting the health of the Marquis of Melrose and the family, had been scarcely answered; when Lord Henry observed: "Really, Major Belford, I can never sufficiently regret and blame your omission, in

not calling on my father. Our family would have been honoured by the acquaintance, and gratified by the society of Lord Charles Delmore's friend."

"I have previously informed your Lordship, that shortly after the death of my lamented friend, I was severely wounded in an engagement: my sufferings were long and painful; —my recovery was despaired of;—and even when my wounds were healed, my constitution was so impaired and enfeebled, that I was advised by my physicians to try the salubrious air of a southern climate.—I continued in the south of Italy for several years."

"The Marquis of Melrose and my brother," said Delmore, "particularly regret that you did not give them an early intimation of your return to England."

"When I visited my native land," continued Major Belford, "I received a pressing invitation from some of my wife's relations to spend a part of our time in Wales. In one of our excursions we were overtaken by a violent shower of rain. Mrs. Belford, whose health was extremely delicate and tender, being constrained to continue some time in her damp clothes, was unfortunately seized with a violent cold, attended with a malignant fever. This cruel malady speedily terminated her existence, and robbed me of a kind and affectionate partner. The education of my lovely *protegée*, by degrees weaned my mind from melancholy retrospect; and, in her filial tenderness and anxious solicitude, I experienced some alleviation of my recent disaster. In this tranquil seclusion, my mind began to resume its accustomed composure; and I resolved to spend the

remainder of my days in this delightful retreat. The embarrassment of my affairs, occasioned by improvidently entering into securities for a friend, and still further aggravated by the villainy and bankruptcy of Pillage, an attorney, has, however, compelled me to remain in town, in the hope of obtaining professional employment. My application has, however, been disregarded; and under such unpromising auspices, I felt a repugnance to obtrude my misfortunes on the family of my noble friend."

"The friend of my uncle," observed Delmore, warmly, "did not surely manifest his usual magnanimity, in concealing his situation from our family. Every relative of Lord Charles Delmore would have experienced a proud gratification in promoting the interest and securing the advancement of Major Belford. I am, however,

astonished and mortified, that the Commander-in-Chief should have rejected the offers of so meritorious and experienced an officer."

"It is by no means surprising," calmly rejoined the Major, "that, amidst the multitude of applicants, officers of greater merit and experience should be overlooked. Some must be passed over and neglected. I have been long on half-pay, forgotten, and almost unknown: — I was not importunate; and my application to be em-employed on active service, was unaccompanied by any recommendation, and unsupported by any patronage. The illustrious personage who presides over this department, is really the soldier's *friend*."

Delmore now disclosed Lord Charles's dying instructions to his heir: who impatiently panted to fulfil the wishes of his noble uncle.

This additional proof of the unabated friendship and tender regard of his lamented patron, affected the sensibility of the gallant veteran, and filled his eyes with tears of mournful recollection.

"Pardon me, Major Belford," continued Lord Henry, "if the generous interest that my brother feels, and, let me add, the sincere regard which I entertain for the friend of my uncle, prompt me to exceed the rigid limits of shrinking delicacy, or the cold formality of scrupulous punctilio.——You have hinted at some pecuniary embarrassments that have perplexed and disturbed you: I ask not for any disclosure that may be offensive to your delicacy, or repugnant to your feelings. You may, however, repose with unlimited confidence on my honour."

"In compliance with Lord Charles Delmore's wishes, my brother has re-

quested me, (and it is a commission I have undertaken with indescribable satisfaction,) to remove your embarrassments, and to secure you a permanent and comfortable establishment. Let me subjoin, that Lord Arlington merely considers himself as the agent to complete his uncle's intentions."

Surprise, gratitude, and affection, overpowered Major Belford, and, for a moment, prevented utterance. His feelings were excited to an excess of joy, bordering on the limits of pain: with suffocating emotion, he grasped the hand of Delmore, and faintly articulated,—

"What unmerited kindness! I have not deserved such munificent goodness, such delicate consideration!"

As Major Belford's involvements did not emanate from vice, or extrava-

gance, he unhesitatingly disclosed the origin and cause of his embarrassments.

"My difficulties," he continued, "were primarily occasioned by the failure of a commercial friend, for whom I had entered into securities for seven thousand pounds. Being pressed by the holders of these bonds for immediate payment, I hurried to town, to obtain the necessary sum to liquidate my engagements. Unacquainted with business, and little conversant in pecuniary negociations, I mentioned my situation to a brother-officer, and urged the necessity of an immediate supply. My friend informed me, that Mr. Pillage had procured him a considerable sum on a similar emergency."

"My dear Major," interrupted Delmore, "what fatality induced you

not to disclose your situation to my father?"

"I am indeed ashamed and surprised at my own infatuation; and blush for my want of spirit and confidence. By my friend's recommendation I proceeded to the habitation of Mr. Pillage. On announcing my name, and undergoing the scrutinizing examination of his clerks, I was shown into a parlour, in which the helpmate of the lawyer was coquetting with a young man, whom, by his familiarity, I considered a relation. She informed me that Mr. Pillage, who had passed the preceding evening at a Masquerade, was not yet stirring.—Having intimated that my business was very urgent, she desired a servant to call her husband. A clerk soon after entered, and announced, that Mr. Pillage attended my pleasure in his back-office.

"He received me in his dressing-gown and slippers :—with the easy familiarity of a man of pleasure, he asked me if I had breakfasted ? He then indulged in some sprightly observations on the lateness of his appearance ; in a word, he seemed to abhor any thing like seriousness or business. I was constrained to interrupt his vivacious sallies, by briefly relating the circumstances that occasioned this visit. I stated that I had an immediate demand for seven thousand pounds ; and explained the securities that I could deposit to insure repayment. Mr. Pillage desired me to dismiss every care on this business, and to consider it completed.—'Money, however,' said he, 'is so extremely scarce in time of 'war, that I am apprehensive you 'must give a considerable premium 'for the required advance.'—I answered, that I was prepared to make a

considerable sacrifice to obtain an immediate supply. — 'I have a friend,' resumed Pillage, 'who can immediately procure the necessary sum.' Mr. Pillage then desired a clerk to step to Mr. Prince Discount's office, and request him to call immediately in * * * street. 'Mr. Discount, Sir, is 'now in the front parlour;' replied the man. When Discount made his appearance, I was not a little surprized at discovering that he was the very same young man, whom I had before seen flirting with Pillage's wife; and on examining his countenance, his swarthy complexion, black eyes, aquiline nose, and dark hair, betrayed his Hebrew origin: and I soon discovered that the hopeful youth possessed the shrewdness, cunning, and caution of a hoary-headed extortioner. — I shall not disgust you by a tedious recapitulation of the various artifices, frauds, and

subterfuges, of these notable co-adjutors: suffice it to observe, that, in obtaining seven thousand pounds, I have been plundered by these harpies of property, to the amount of nearly eighteen thousand pounds!"

Delmore could with difficulty suppress his indignation and abhorrence at the baseness and villainy of this pettifogger and his accomplice. Fearful of giving an additional wound to the already mortified spirit of his friend, he refrained from all animadversions on their atrocity, and abstained from any remark on the credulity and false delicacy of Major Belford.

"Barren regret, Major Belford," observed Lord Henry, "for unavoidable or irrevocable misfortunes, is useless and unmanly: permit me to entreat that you will fix an early day to resume this subject, that no unnecessary delay may take place, in fulfill-

ing the dying injunctions of my revered uncle."

Major Belford reiterated his thanks, for the generous eagerness which Lord Arlington and his brother displayed.

Delmore interrupted the worthy veteran, by remarking that his thanks should be reserved as a tribute to his departed friend.

It was mutually agreed that they should meet at Delmore House on that day se'nnight; when the necessary arrangements should be made to accomplish Lord Charles Delmore's wishes. Major Belford rose to depart.——

"I must insist on introducing you to my father," said Lord Henry. He immediately pulled the bell; and on the entrance of the servant, he asked if his father was at home?

"He is, my Lord," replied the man.

"Inform the Marquis of Melrose,

that, if he is at leisure, Major Belford and myself will wait upon him."

The servant soon returned with the following message:

"The Marquis of Melrose desires his compliments, my Lord, and will be greatly obliged by Major Belford's company."

Lord Henry and his friend proceeded to the library. Major Belford was received by the Marquis of Melrose, with the greatest politeness and complacency.

The Marquis of Melrose, though haughty and reserved, was a kind and affectionate relative. The appearance of Major Belford excited the tenderest recollections of his lamented brother; and he relaxed from his accustomed austerity;—the stately *hauteur* of the *peer* was absorbed in the generous feelings of the *man*. He felicitated himself on the fortunate incident that had

introduced Major Belford to his family; and emphatically declared that the friend of his brother might confidently rely on his interest, and command his influence. The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who informed the Marquis of Melrose, that the Duke of * * * * was now in the drawing-room. As this nobleman had called at Delmore House by appointment, the Marquis of Melrose apologized for the unwelcome intrusion; and after renewing his proffers of friendship, and warmly soliciting Major Belford to honour him with frequent visits, he withdrew, in order to join his distinguished visitor.

Never did a man retire from a society with higher sentiments of admiration and gratitude, than filled the bosom of Major Belford on quitting Delmore House: — the polished ur-

banity, manly dignity, and fraternal affection of the Marquis of Melrose, had excited his veneration and respect; — the kind recollection of his departed friend, the generous intentions of Lord Arlington, the condescending affability and sympathizing kindness of Delmore, awakened the liveliest emotions of tenderness, gratitude, and thankfulness. His misfortunes were obliterated; his hopes revived. With a cheerful heart and animated countenance, he returned to his humble residence.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Marchioness of Melrose and her daughter, arrived at Delmore House, a few days after Mansell had quitted the country. The tender mother was anxious to behold a beloved son, who was shortly destined to leave the country;—whose engaging qualities had endeared him to her heart; whose precarious health and delicate constitution occasionally excited the alarming apprehension, that, in parting, they might mutually take a last farewell. Lady Georgina Delmore had solicited and even entreated permis-

sion to accompany the Marchioness to town: the desire of taking leave of an affectionate brother was so natural and so agreeably harmonized, with the feelings of the fond mother, that she could not resist her daughter's inclinations.

She really loved Lord Arlington:—A more potent impulse, however, than fraternal affection, stimulated her eagerness, and created her anxiety to attend her mother. Delmore House contained that being in whom she imagined, every perfection was united;—in whose presence only, she tasted joy;—deprived of whose endearing converse, every amusement was insipid, every pleasure palled. The anticipated delight of even passing a few short weeks under the same roof with the idol of her affections, to listen to his honeyed accents, to experience his engaging attentions, and perhaps even

to receive an avowal of his love, was a fascination too powerful to be resisted by an enamoured girl.

Her arrival, however, excited considerable alarm and inquietude in the breast of Monsell. The violent emotions which she had discovered on their parting at Melrose Castle, would have betrayed her secret sentiments to a less penetrating observer of the movements of the female heart; he dreaded lest, in an unguarded moment, she should incautiously excite suspicions in the minds of her parents, and he trembled lest the violence of her passion might remove the veil of concealment, and blast his ambitious projects by a premature discovery.

Lady Sarah Temple's absence relieved him from some portion of his anxiety. The penetration of the Marchioness was not very acute; and her discernment was by no means clear:—

the Marquis had little opportunity of noticing his daughter's behaviour;—and Lord Henry had been so accustomed to see Lady Georgina treat Mansell with the freedom of a sister, that he would have disregarded the most apparent manifestation of familiarity or predilection.

In the presence of her family, Mansell uniformly behaved to her with ceremonious and distant politeness. He studiously avoided any private interview; but if his precautions were defeated, and they accidentally met, without the intervention of a third person, he rather encouraged, than repressed the fervour of affection that glowed in her enraptured bosom.

Conscious that his present situation was environed with peril, and that his brilliant prospects might be obscured by the indiscretion of a giddy girl, Mansell became restless and impa-

tient. He endeavoured to inflame the eagerness of Delmore, by enforcing such topics and opening such views as were calculated to increase his ardent inclination to visit Paris.

The introduction of Major Belford was most unpropitious to his wishes: he secretly execrated his ill-timed interposition; and contemned the imbecile humanity of his friend, who would thus postpone his own gratifications, to promote the welfare of a withered veteran and a friendless orphan. The interest of such beings, or the recommendation of a deceased uncle, would not have arrested Mansell, one moment, in the career of pleasure. Such were not the sentiments of Delmore! and Mansell was too well acquainted with the movements of that generous heart, to risk his eternal displeasure by selfish repinings. Yet still his interests demand-

ed an immediate departure: but as Delmore had expressed his positive determination not to leave England until he had fulfilled Lord Arlington's beneficent intentions towards Major Belford, Mansell prudently endeavoured to facilitate and expedite the meditated establishment of the gallant veteran. On every occasion, therefore, Mansell expatiated on the propriety of immediately complying with Lord Charles Delmore's wishes. He frequently dilated on the pure and soul-approving sensations which a benevolent heart must experience in replacing a meritorious officer, and an amiable orphan in a condition of comfort and independence; and regretted that his limited fortune precluded him from the indulgence of such acts of generosity, which, in his opinion, constituted the greatest gratification that opulence could bestow.

Mansell's anxiety was destined to be speedily removed.—On the appointed day, Mr. Rightly, the Marquis of Melrose's attorney, called with the deeds which he had been directed to prepare. These deeds were first read over by Mr. Rightly, and then executed by the Marquis with the usual formalities. After this ceremony was concluded, the Marquis desired Rightly to express his opinion on the propriety or expediency of instituting legal proceedings against Pillage and Prince Discount.

"I should recommend extreme caution," replied the honest lawyer. "Though Pillage has lately defrauded his creditors by a bankruptcy under which he has not paid six-pence in the pound, he is again, (I am credibly informed,) deeply involved in debt. The success of any action against this man must ever be problematical; as

ly he can command the services of a set of unprincipled miscreants, who will not shrink from the commission of perjury to skreen their flagitious employer from merited punishment. Every honourable member of our profession hoped, that his bankruptcy and blasted character would have precluded him from again professionally plundering the unwary, and oppressing the innocent."

"But surely," interrupted the Marquis, "a character so flagitious, so blasted, so notoriously infamous, cannot long continue to practise in a profession he so much disgraces."

"It is indeed extraordinary," resumed Mr. Rightly, "that persons can be found so lost to the dignity of their own character, so regardless of the interests of society, as to countenance him. His pleasing manners and sprightly address, however, are certain-

ly well calculated to prepossess those persons who are unacquainted with his character. The pliant virtue of his wife has also frequently obtained him the assistance of several opulent individuals. Gratitude for her former compliances secures occasional advances from an eminent merchant; whose cheeks should be tinged with the blush of shame, for supporting the profligate conniving husband. The faded charms of Mrs. Pillage have now lost their former attractions: and it is confidently reported, and universally desired, that he will shortly be constrained to relinquish a profession which he has so long dishonoured."

"You have indeed," observed Delmore, "drawn an admirable portrait of Pillage and his abandoned wife: but who is that hopeful Israelite who has been so actively instrumental in plundering our credulous friend?"

"Mr. Prince Discount," continued Rightly, "is the son of the celebrated Jew Discount. This notable youth formerly assisted his father in his pecuniary transactions. In this situation, he treacherously endeavoured to undermine his father; to alienate his friends; and to erect the superstructure of his own fortune on the ruins of his parent's character. His father discovered his perfidy; and banished him from his presence. Since that period, he has, under the auspices of Pillage, continued to pursue the avocation of an advertising money-lender. He is the bosom-friend of Pillage; and, according to the established custom of his worthy family, the favourite *cicisbeo* of the scrivener's wife."

Mr. Rightly now mentioned some flagrant instances of injustice and extortion practised by these unprincipled

colleagues; and declared that he was slightly acquainted with an honest industrious tradesman, whom Pillage had robbed of all his property; and, after seducing his daughter, he consigned the miserable parent to languish in penury and want in the recesses of a loathsome prison.

"Gracious heaven!" said Delmore indignantly; "can society tolerate such monsters?"

"While respectable men like Major Belford," rejoined the worthy lawyer, "will, either through false delicacy or ignorance, afford support to such harpies; or so long as any persons can be found sufficiently credulous and besotted to trust to their frothy professions, such noxious weeds will flourish with vigorous luxuriance."

The Marquis desired Mr. Rightly to use his own discretion relative to the commencing of any law-suit

against Pillage, to recover the money which he had so infamously embezzled.

This interesting business being terminated, Mr. Rightly retired from his noble client, and proceeded to his own habitation.

After Mr. Rightly's departure, the Marquis delivered the deeds to his son; explaining to him the particulars of the instruments, and every other circumstance relating to the intended provision for Major Belford. Never did the generous bosom of Delmore experience more ecstatic delight! He impatiently longed for the appointed interview with the gallant veteran; and exultingly anticipated the satisfaction of transmitting an account of this day's proceedings to his generous brother.

Lord Henry's impatience was soon relieved, by Major Belford's arrival. Delmore received him with the greatest

cordiality, and unaffected pleasure. Eager to unfold his liberal commission, he dispensed with etiquette; and unceremoniously entreated the Major to communicate the particulars of his situation. Major Belford frankly disclosed the state of his affairs.

"I have before explained," said the Major, "in what manner I have been defrauded of the bulk of my fortune: exclusive of my half-pay, I now possess an annuity of one hundred pounds.

"Excuse me, Major Belford, if I presume to solicit the amount of your incumbrances."

"They do not exceed two hundred pounds."

"I have previously observed, that, before my brother quitted England, he implicitly committed to my father the unrestricted power of fulfilling

the expiring wish of my lamented uncle.

"The Marquis of Melrose has directed me to solicit your acceptance of the appointment of an inspecting Field Officer of this district. My father has desired me to declare that a sufficient sum shall be instantaneously transmitted to remove your embarrassments. As a permanent establishment you will perceive by these papers," [here Lord Henry presented them to Major Belford,] "that one deed secures an annuity for your own life, of four hundred pounds on the Melrose estate; and the other contains a similar grant of one hundred pounds during the life of Miss Dormer.

"As Arlington was obliged to leave England, he merely desired that you might draw on his steward for any sum, that my father should consider necessary, until the arrangements for

a permanent establishment could be completed: but my father deemed this independent provision more conformable to the wishes of his brother, and more suitable to the estimation in which you are held by our family. And now, my dear Major," concluded Delmore, joyfully seizing his hand, "may you long enjoy health and spirits to perform the duties of your new employment!"

Major Belford's feelings may be more readily conceived than described. Surprise, joy, and gratitude at once assailed and overpowered him: hesitating and faultering, he could only utter some broken ejaculations of thanks.

Delmore, who observed and admired his sensibility, compassionating the violence of his emotions, exclaimed: "No acknowledgments, I insist, Major Belford!"

At this instant a servant entered; and announced the names of Mr. Mansell, and Mr. Charles Radcliffe. Delmore had previously intimated to Mansell his desire, that his conference with Major Belford should be almost immediately interrupted; as he had particular reasons to terminate it abruptly. It was therefore agreed that, after Major Belford had been a given time with Lord Henry, Mansell should order one of the servants to inform Delmore of Charles Radcliffe's visit. Delmore apologized to Major Belford for this interruption: he hoped however, as the gentlemen had called to make some essential arrangements for their journey to Paris, that the Major would excuse the liberty of their admission. Major Belford begged that he might be no impediment; and Delmore desired the servant to admit the gentlemen.

On their entrance, Delmore introduced the Major to his friends. The conversation turned on the subject of the intended trip to France; and as the young friends were entering into some particulars relative to the approaching journey, Major Belford prepared to depart. His mind was too much occupied by the affecting circumstances of this interview, to listen with satisfaction to their remarks; and he considered that his presence might probably operate as a restraint. Delmore did not oppose his inclination, as he evidently observed, that the Major could with difficulty repress the emotions of tenderness and gratitude which were labouring in his breast.

"You will recollect, Major Belford," said Lord Henry at parting, "to dispose of those deeds in the manner my father desired. I shall

take an early opportunity of visiting you and Miss Dormer."

The worthy veteran had scarcely left the room, when Charles Radcliffe rallied Delmore on his beautiful *incognita* as he termed her.

"Lady Arlington gave me," continued Radcliffe, "such an enchanting description of her, that I am determined to see the lovely *Sappho*." Delmore parried the attacks of his lively friend with perfect good humour.

"My visits, I assure you, were solely directed to Major Belford; though my taste would not be greatly condemned, if I even acknowledged that Miss Dormer constituted the attraction. However, you must excuse me, as I am obliged to settle some business with my father before he goes to St. James's; and as you dine with us this day, we can talk over the ne-

cessary arrangements for our journey over a bottle of claret."

Delmore then hastened to his father, to communicate the particulars of his interview with the Major: and Mansell and Radcliffe strolled to Tattersal's.

Major Belford had no sooner reached Mount-street, than he proceeded with eager impatience to unbosom himself to his delighted *protegée.* The lovely girl saw pleasure sparkle in the eyes of the worthy man; and her animated countenance testified the joy which the happiness of her benevolent protector conveyed to her sympathetic bosom. Major Belford then recapitulated, to his attentive and admiring companion, the generous recollection of his departed friend Lord Charles Delmore; whose munificent intentions had been exceeded by the liberality of his noble relatives. He

then recounted with what delicacy and consideration he had been treated: he stated, that a commission had been obtained for him; and an annuity of four hundred pounds granted for his life.

"Surely," continued the Major, "this exalted family have solicitously endeavoured to gratify my feelings; and to anticipate every wish of my heart. Even you, my beloved Harriet, have not been forgotten; and this generous recollection of a meritorious and almost deserted orphan proclaims the exquisite sensibility of their hearts."

Major Belford then presented Harriet with one of the deeds, explaining the contents.

But who can paint the mingled sensations of joy, amazement, gratitude, and affection which agitated her susceptible bosom! Overcome by the excess of her emotions, she dropped

on Major Belford's bosom: a shower of tears relieved her overcharged heart; and she faintly sobbed, "Alas! I have not merited such bounteous kindness! Why, my dear Sir, am I fated, by my miserable destiny, to encroach on the liberality of your noble-minded patrons!"

Major Belford at length succeeded in tranquillizing her agitation. She then lamented the mysterious and sudden disappearance of her mother, which had compelled her so long to trespass on the benevolence of her kind protector. The generous soldier pressed her to his affectionate heart; he declared, that she was the pride and solace of his declining age; and conjured her not to distress herself by any afflicting reflections. Soothed by his tender concern and affectionate attention, the amiable girl endeavoured to moderate the violence of

her emotions. Major Belford had scarcely succeeded in tranquillizing her, when they were summoned to dinner. During their cheerful meal, the Major entertained her with the different arrangements which he proposed for their future establishment. While the worthy veteran and his adopted daughter were retracing the interesting occurrences of their life, and forming innumerable speculations on their future prospects; the servant delivered a note to Major Belford, who hastily opening the contents, read the following:

"Lord Henry Delmore solicits Major Belford's acceptance of the inclosed, according to agreement. Major Belford must not be offended, if Lord Henry Delmore observes, that any attempt to resume the subject of this morning's conversation will be

considered a violation of friendship. Lord Henry requests Major B. to present his respects to Miss Dormer."

Delmore-House,
Thursday, 4 o'clock.

The note contained an order on the Marquis of Melrose's banker for four hundred pounds. "How generous, how considerate!" exclaimed the Major mentally; "I mentioned only two hundred pounds." In compliance with Lord Henry's injunctions, the Major dispatched a short note acknowledging the receipt of the money, and briefly thanking his noble friend for his liberality and attention.

The remainder of the evening passed in cheerful converse and pleasing anticipation;—in reverting to their past sufferings;—in blissful congratulations on their future prospects;—and in forming plans for their future conduct;—

until midnight summoned the Major and Miss Dormer to their chambers, where, after offering their fervent adoration to the beneficent Disposer of human events, they enjoyed those tranquil and refreshing slumbers, which are reserved for the good and the virtuous.

CHAPTER VIII.

Delmore had been prevailed on by Lord and Lady Arlington to permit Charles Radcliffe to accompany him to France: as they knew that, in his society, their cousin would experience the improvement of travel, without being contaminated by the dissipation of Paris. Lady Arlington had repeatedly, but ineffectually, endeavoured to discover Charles Radcliffe's residence. She frequently enquired of some of his old acquaintance; but as the young sportsman's extravagance had occasioned his father's displea-

sure, he was no longer enabled to appear on the turf, or to participate in the luxury and dissipation of fashionable life.

These modern friends, who had formerly been lavish in their praise of his generosity and spirit; who had revell'd and caroused at his expence; now that the shunshine of his fortune was clouded, like ephemeral insects, shrunk from the blast, and continued to flutter their gaudy wings in the meridian blaze of opulence and splendour.

> "Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this
> "praise;
> "The breath is gone whereof this praise is made;
> "Feast won,—fast lost: one cloud of winter's
> show'rs,
> "These flies are couched."——————

Delmore sincerely regretted his involvements. He knew that Radcliffe's embarrassments were the eccentric aberrations of a generous spirit, and

did not proceed from systematic vice or confirmed depravity.

One morning as he was walking down Oxford-Street, a sudden and violent storm compelled him to take shelter under a gateway; whither Radcliffe had previously retired. Radcliffe was evidently confused; but, soon recovering from his surprise, he shook Lord Henry cordially by the hand, and expressed his satisfaction at this accidental meeting.

Delmore then mentioned, that Lord and Lady Arlington had frequently expressed their regret, that he had not visited them as usual. He particularly pressed Radcliffe to call on him at Delmore-House.

"Apropos, Radcliffe! where have you so long concealed yourself?"

Radcliffe, slightly confused, drew a card out of his pocket:—

"Mr. Charles Radcliffe,
"No. 9, Orchard-Street,
"Portman-Square."

The violence of the storm now abated; when Delmore observed: "I have been very desirous of seeing you; and as we have so fortunately encountered each other, let us adjourn to your lodgings."

Radcliffe stammered out an excuse.

"No, positively," interrupted Delmore, "I will not take a refusal; I have several interesting communications to make, and I will not long detain you."

Radcliffe had not seen Lord Henry since his return from Russia. Feeling, therefore, that it would appear ungracious and unfriendly, to give a peremptory refusal, he reluctantly accompanied Delmore to Orchard-Street. The two friends mutually recapitulated the various scenes and occurrences,

which they had witnessed since their separation.

In the society of his friend, Charles Radcliffe enjoyed the greatest satisfaction: there was a warmth and frankness in Lord Henry's manner, that invited confidence:—he was well acquainted with the generosity of Delmore's disposition; and knew that on his honour he could implicitly rely. With his usual sincerity and candour, he informed his friend, that he had offended his father, who had reduced his allowance to a bare subsistence. Radcliffe frankly stated his reasons for his retirement; hinting, that he had now a prospect of obtaining three thousand pounds.

This sum he expected to raise through the intervention of Lord Dashall, who had induced the unsuspecting high-spirited young man to accept bills for a considerable amount.

Sir William Radcliffe was universally considered a man of extensive fortune; and as it was well known that Radcliffe was an only son, and, according to Lord Dashall's representations, must inherit the bulk of his father's estates, the peer experienced little difficulty in raising money on his friend's securities.

By Dashall's persuasions, Radcliffe had engaged to become responsible for nine thousand pounds;—of this sum he was to receive three thousand pounds; the remainder was to be appropriated to the use of Dashall, the peer promising to refund the remaining six thousand pounds, before his friend could be called on to liquidate the securities.

Radcliffe did not indeed develope to Delmore the exact nature of his agreement with Lord Dashall; but Lord Henry collected from his hints, that

the expected loan was to be procured by the assistance of his cousin.

A disturbance at the corner of the street, occasioned by a drunken soldier reeling against, and knocking down, the barrow of an Irish fruit-seller, excited their curiosity to ascertain the cause of this uproar and confusion.

As Delmore approached the window, he perceived a considerable number of combs, loosely packed up, lying on a chair. Surprised and bewildered at so novel an appearance, he exclaimed, "Why, Charles, do you intend to become a vender of combs! your father will certainly relax from his rigour, when he is acquainted with your honourable and industrious avocation!"

Radcliffe was greatly embarrassed by this unlucky discovery. The abashed sportsman at length stam-

mered out, that the combs were the joint property of himself and Lord Dashall.

"They were given," said Radcliffe, "for a bill;—Dashall has received part of the money; and I expect his agent to bring the cash for these combs."

Still Lord Henry could not comprehend, why a nobleman and a gentleman, if they wanted to borrow money, should be encumbered with articles of whose value or quality they could not form a correct judgement! Radcliffe could not give him any satisfactory explanation; as this was the first transaction of this nature in which he had ever been concerned.

As Delmore had extended his visit considerably beyond his original intention, and as Radcliffe had intimated, that he momentarily expected a person on business, he took a friendly

leave;—warmly entreating his friend to favour him with an early call in Berkeley-Square.

A few days' after this meeting with Radcliffe, accident had introduced Delmore to Major Belford's acquaintance: and when the Major was detailing some of the artifices and frauds, that had been practised on him by Pillage and young Discount, Lord Henry mentioned the singular appearance of the combs at his friend's lodgings.—Major Belford informed the astonished and terrified Delmore, that by foisting quantities of deteriorated goods on their credulous dupes, the advertising money-lenders were enabled to defraud the victims of their villainy;—to conceal their nefarious machinations;—and escape, by such complicated means, the merited punishment for their extortion and usury.

From Major Belford's house, Del-

more proceeded immediately to his brother's residence in Grosvenor-square. He impatiently described to Lord Arlington the scene at Radcliffe's lodgings; and communicated the important information which he had obtained from Major Belford.——Lord Arlington suggested the propriety of immediately snatching Radcliffe from the gulph of perdition.

The generous brothers hastened to Orchard-Street. Lord Arlington prevailed on his cousin to remove to Grosvenor-Square. He mildly expostulated with him on the destructive tendency of his present engagements; and declared, if he would pledge his honour to relinquish them, that, if Sir William Radcliffe would not discharge his debts, he himself would extricate him from his involvements.

The grateful youth could not resist such generous proposals. He was still more

inclined to abandon any connection with Lord Dashall; as the peer, even in their first pecuniary transactions, had not manifested the most scrupulous honour.

By the united entreaties of Lord and Lady Arlinton, and the co-operating solicitation of his brother-in-law Lord Ossington, Sir William Radcliffe was induced to discharge his son's debts, and to renew his former allowance.

Charles Radcliffe's connection with Lord Dashall, had long been a source of considerable regret and dissatisfaction to his father; who, anxious to dissolve or at least interrupt that intimacy, determined to remove his son from England for a short time. Radcliffe made little opposition to his father's wishes; and as Lord Henry proposed to visit Paris, he consented to admit Radcliffe of his party.

Delmore had merely delayed his departure until he had secured a permanent establishment for Major Belford. His impatience was now increased by the exertions of Mansell, who was perpetually stimulating his friend to expedite their journey.

Lord Henry had now fully completed his brother's intended provision for the gallant friend of his uncle: he therefore resolved to proceed immediately on his projected excursion.

On the day preceding his departure, the Marquis of Melrose, in compliance with his son's wishes, invited Major Belford and his adopted daughter to join the social circle at Delmore House. Besides the Delmore family, the party consisted of Major Belford, Miss Dormer, Mansell, Charles Radcliffe, and Mr. Ainsworth.

The evening was spent with the greatest hilarity and good humour.

Major Belford and Mr. Ainsworth described the customs, manners, and pursuits of the *haut ton* in Paris, under the *ancien regime*. Their animated accounts excited the enthusiasm, and stimulated the curiosity of the young travellers to mark the characteristic changes in the sentiments and conduct of the French, which the late revolution had engendered. In pleasing converse and rational pleasure, the festive party continued, till midnight,

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul;"—

when Major Belford observed that, as the travellers proposed to commence their journey early in the morning, he must reluctantly terminate the conviviality of the evening.

The gentlemen now rejoined the Marchioness of Melrose and the ladies in the drawing-room. Delmore

reiterated Lady Arlington's recommendation of Miss Dormer to his mother's protection. The Marchioness condescendingly observed, that she should always be highly gratified by Miss Dormer's visits.

Major Belford and his amiable *protegée,* took a polite leave of their noble friends, after expressing their sincere wishes, that the return of the travellers to their native country might not be long protracted.

As the carriages were ordered by seven o'clock in the morning, the Marquis of Melrose advised (and his recommendation was supported by Mansell) the party to retire. — Affectionate and reciprocal expressions of regret were interchanged at parting:— and every one fervently hoped, and cordially desired, that the present company might speedily re-assemble at Delmore House.

Mansell had persuaded Lord Henry to proceed so early on his journey, as he was anxious to prevent a repetition of the interesting scene, that occurred on his taking leave of Lady Georgina at Melrose Castle. —A farewell in the presence of so many persons would, he hoped, prevent any indiscreet disclosure; and even if she should betray any violent emotion, her agitations would be imputed to her tender regret in parting with her favourite brother.

After a short repose, the travellers were awakened by notice, that the carriages were ready. Lord Henry was accompanied in his travelling-coach by Radcliffe, Mansell, and Mr. Ainsworth: — the three valets followed in a post-chaise; and, attended by two outriders, they proceeded to Dover.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR travellers arrived, after a pleasant voyage, at Calais. On the following day, they pursued their route to Paris.

As the carriage was moving with rapidity along the road, at a little distance from Amiens, Charles Radcliffe observed two ladies walking: the figure and countenance of the youngest were so strikingly beautiful, that he eagerly exclaimed,

" My lord, did you ever behold so lovely a creature?"

Delmore instantly looked out of the window.

"She is indeed a bewitching girl. I am confident that I have seen her before: her features are perfectly familiar to me."

Lord Henry and Radcliffe continued to gaze on the beautiful *incognita*, until the winding of the road veiled her from their observation.

Delmore had a faded recollection of this lovely object:—he had indeed frequently seen her;—she was the innocent trembling child whom he had once protected, now ripened into an elegant accomplished female.

Maria Lascelles and her mother now resided at the habitation of a relation in the vicinity of Amiens. They were enjoying their accustomed walk, when Lord Henry's carriage passed. Maria recollected his features even by this transient glance; and informed her mother, that he was the brother of Lady Georgina Delmore, whom she

had so frequently mentioned, and of whose kindness she had ever expressed her grateful acknowledgments. She was pleased at this accidental meeting; and secretly hoped, that Delmore would have recognized her. Retiring modesty and timid delicacy prevented her from displaying any ostensible recognition; and the velocity with which the vehicle removed, precluded Delmore from examining her countenance with attentoin.

Mrs. Lascelles had resolved on leaving Mr. Arnold's cottage, in consequence of the frequent visits of Lady Georgina Delmore to her daughter. The persevering attentions of Dorville excited also sensations of regret and alarm; as they were too particular and marked to be occasioned by curiosity, or to originate from a desire of beholding even the most engaging child.

While she was meditating on her intended departure, she received a letter from her husband, in which he informed her of the expected dissolution of his father. He again urged the importance of still concealing their marriage; and concluded by declaring, that the death of his parent (whose physicians despaired of his life,) would absolve them from future secrecy and caution.

The recommendation of Mr. Lascelles confirmed her determination, and stimulated her to remove immediately from Mr. Arnold's habitation. She now anticipated the termination of this galling condition of seclusion and concealment: and as she now exulted in the prospect of a speedy reunion, she resolved, during the remaining period of separation from her husband, to bury herself in the deepest obscurity.

A distant relation of Mrs. Lascelles, who possessed a neat *chateau* near Amiens, was then in England: and by his persuasions, she agreed to accompany him to France.

This proposal was peculiarly satisfactory to Mrs. Lascelles. In this delightful retreat she might continue unknown and unobserved; and in a foreign country there could be little probability, that any member of her husband's family would ever be acquainted with her residence or condition.

The pleasing hope that her unmerited sufferings would speedily terminate;—that the cheering rays of happiness would dispel the mists of incertitude and suspense;—fortified her resolution and reanimated her spirits; and she resolved to endeavour, during the remainder of her probationary seclusion, to assume

her native cheerfulness and vivacity.

The education of a beloved daughter occupied her time, and excited her energies: this necessary exertion dissipated the phantoms of melancholy, and roused her mind from languor and inanity. In this delightful employment, she enjoyed that pleasure, so exquisite, so transporting, so thrilling to a mother's soul, — to observe the gradual expansion of the intellect of an intelligent child: —

> "To teach the young idea how to shoot;
> "To pour the fresh instruction on the mind;—"

to watch the progressive improvement of a rational being; and by a felicitous reaction, to receive reflected delight from the evident advancement, and daily acquirements of a beloved daughter.

Maria received her instructions with

avidity and gratitude; and repayed her mother's exertions by the success and vigour of her application.

Mrs. Lascelles contemplated the prodigious improvement of her child with pride and exultation. Maria's taste was refined, and her sentiments exalted, by the perusal of the purest modern writers; — her enlightened mind was polished and embellished by every elegant accomplishment; — and in the graceful form and soul-illumined countenance of her daughter, the enraptured mother could discern the beauties of both parents blended and harmonized with greater perfection.

Mrs. Lascelles usually devoted some portion of her time to visit the indigent and sick peasants in the neighbourhood, to whom she distributed money, and administered medicines; and where her contracted means precluded the power of relieving their

necessities, she mitigated the corrosion of misfortune, and assuaged the pains of sickness, by the soothing balm of kindness and sympathy.

Adored and venerated by the surrounding peasantry, she continued in this tranquil retreat and calm seclusion, in the pleasing expectation of the approaching summons, that would reunite two amiable beings, whom the stern relentless prejudices of an inflexible father had so long separated.

Her bosom, however, was now invaded by tender apprehensions concerning the future destiny of her daughter. — Maria had attained that dangerous age when the susceptibility of the female bosom, influenced by the divine impulse of nature, generally receives impressions, and cherishes sentiments, which decide the future happiness or infelicity of their existence.

Mrs. Lascelles, under any circumstances or condition, would have been scrupulously attentive to the conduct and opinions of the person who aspired to obtain her daughter's affections;—as she was convinced that the comfort or wretchedness of her child's life, would derive its complexion from the character and sentiments of the man, with whom she formed so tender a connexion.

A young officer, whose father was a favourite of the ruler of France, and had, under his auspices, acquired an immense fortune by the plunder of Italy, was particularly conspicuous for his tender attentions to Maria. Their relation encouraged his addresses: supported by such assistance, and conscious of his superior possessions and brilliant prospects, the lover pursued his mistress with all the assured confidence of success.

Mrs. Lasscelles disliked his sentiments and disposition. He was haughty, overbearing, and selfish. A constant superciliousness, a perpetual conciouness of wealth, and an assumed superiority for that adventitious and extrinsic advantage, rendered him disgusting in her eyes; and inflamed her aversion to consign her daughter to a man, so little calculated to promote the felicity of a woman of delicacy and refinement.

Had the lover been in every respect agreeable to Maria's inclinations;—if he had possessed every amiable quality;—Mrs. Lascelles would have conceived an invincible repugnance to any alliance, that would have doomed her daughter to a perpetual absence from England. Maria had listened to her lover's protestations with contempt; and his assiduities were received with reluctance.

This coldness had been remarked with secret satisfaction by the mother; who endeavoured to aggravate the chilling repulsion of indifference into the haughtiness of disdain, or the asperity of dismission. Still Mrs. Lascelles could not discard occasional fears, lest the susceptible bosom of the innocent, unsuspecting girl should be softened by the adulation, or moved by the plaintive tenderness of her lover: she therefore panted with increased eagerness for the long-wished-for summons to return to Britain.

CHAPTER X.

MAGNIFICENT apartments in the hotel de ***, were prepared for the reception of Delmore and his companions. The munificence of the Marquis of Melrose, had placed his son's establishment on a scale of splendour suited to his dignified station; and Lord Henry was desired by his indulgent father not to confine his expenditure to any determined allowance. Sir William Radcliffe's generosity corresponded with the liberality of his noble friend. Our young travellers, therefore, exceeded even their

own countrymen in Paris, in the brilliancy of their establishments, and the elegance of their equipages.

On their arrival, they immediately waited on the English Ambassador; by whom they were received with every demonstration of respect. They were frequently invited to his sumptuous dinners; where the most distinguished characters of their own country were blended with the most celebrated generals and eminent diplomatists of France.

Delmore had letters of recommendation from the Marquis of Melrose, to his great political friend Mr. * * *, then at Paris; whose consummate knowledge, powerful abilities, and manly exertions in the cause of liberty, extorted admiration, and secured the most marked respect even from the tyrannic ruler of that enslaved country.

This distinguished statesman treated the son of his friend, with that urbanity and good humour for which he is so strongly characterized. He introduced Lord Henry into the most elegant circles of that gay city;—and from this great legislator he received lessons of political wisdom, which he might afterwards practically exert in the service of his country.

Accompanied by Mr. Ainsworth, the travellers visited every place deserving of examination, or calculated to gratify curiosity.

The beautiful garden of the *Thuilleries*,—the *Champs Elisées*,—the fine collection of paintings and statues brought from Italy, the celebrated picture of the memorable engagement between the Romans and the Sabines, by David, — and the productions of other distinguished French artists, were viewed with admiration and de-

light. The numerous places of public amusement excited their astonishment, and they imagined, that the ingenuity of the Parisians must have been racked, and their invention exhausted, to increase the pleasures, embellish the refinements, and promote the luxuries of social enjoyment.

From these enchanting contemplations, Delmore reluctantly turned to the melancholy reverse. A nation immersed in sensuality and voluptuousness; — submitting, with implicit deference and unresisting compliance, to the degrading yoke of a military despot, who, under the forms of a free constitution, exercised the most arbitrary authority; — whose numerous spies, surrounding the very beds and tables of the oppressed inhabitants, treasured even the most secret whisperings of discontent or complaint, and reported them with exag-

gerations to the ministers; — whose servile zeal and infuriated cruelty anticipated, by the severity of the punishment, the wishes and inclinations of their master.

As a *philosopher*, Delmore commiserated the condition of a people who, animated by the enthusiasm of liberty, had made so glorious a struggle to assume the native dignity of independence. As a *patriot*, he exulted, that in his own country, the mild hereditary sway of an amiable monarch, and the gentle protection of equal laws, secured the rights, and confirmed the blessings of Englishmen.

During their rambles through Paris, Mr. Ainsworth frequently explained the character, rank, and destiny of the former possessors of those magnificent palaces, which adorn this elegant city; — once the residence of

princes and nobles, now occupied by the favourite generals of the French ruler, or groaning with the profuse ornaments and ostentatious luxury of commissaries and contractors! A sensation of terror chilled their frames as they passed that spot, drenched with the noblest blood of France; and they shrunk with disgust and horror when they beheld the place, where some sanguinary monsters had savagely murdered a benign legitimate sovereign.

Delmore was introduced to the ******, at the levée, by Mr. ***; the French ruler received him with that distinction which his rank demanded, and the pre-eminent merit of his exalted friend secured.

The magnificent spectacle of the review of the consular guards, attracted every Englishman in Paris, to view the heroes of Marengo; and to see

the celebrated general who presided over the destinies of France. Their martial appearance, the gorgeousness of their appointments, and the splendid dresses of their commanders, excited universal admiration; — and every friend of liberty deeply regretted, that their intrepid valour should be exerted to oppress the civilized world, and rivet the fetters of their own countrymen. Expectation was now satisfied by the appearance of their leader, who advanced towards the troops, surrounded by a splendid train of generals and officers of his staff, whose sumptuous dresses and elegant uniforms exhibited a striking contrast to their master, who, habited in a blue coat and plain cocked hat, forcibly recalled to every mind the image of the great Frederick. He immediately proceeded along the lines, inspecting the troops with the

most minute attention;—his penetrating eye and commanding voice at once directed and governed their movements. The promptitude and celerity of their manœuvres were universally applauded; the exactness of their discipline excited the greatest astonishment; and the superb appointments and rapid evolutions of the Mamelukes surprised and gratified every spectator.

The ****** retired amidst the acclamations of the surrounding multitude.

Amidst this dazzling lustre and enthusiastic display, Mr. Ainsworth could not refrain from commenting on the extraordinary revolution in the sentiments and feelings of the French people."

"About thirteen years ago," he observed, "I saw the French monarch in this very spot, surrounded by

his courtiers, in all the pomp and magnificence of power. The eager multitude crouded with insatiable avidity to devour his very looks;—the air was rent with acclamations of *Vive le Roi!* from those people, who afterwards sacrificed him on the scaffold; and now prostitute their venal applause to congratulate the foreigner, who has usurped the throne of their injured sovereign!"

After the review, Lord Henry and Mr. Ainsworth visited the English Ambassador.

As Radcliffe and Mansell were returning to the hotel, their attention was arrested by the screams of a female: they immediately hastened to the spot;—where they perceived a young girl supported in the arms of an elderly lady;—and collecting from the croud, that they were their country-women, they immediately advan-

ced and offered their assistance. Having succeeded in recovering the young lady, they enquired the occasion of her alarm and disorder. Her aunt replied, that some persons, whom she conjectured to be servants of some Englishmen now in Paris, had rudely pressed on her niece and greatly terrified her.

Radcliffe and Mansell proposed to escort the ladies to their habitation.—Mrs. Brown expressed her acknowledgments for their politeness and attention; and as Miss Byron was still agitated, her aunt readily accepted such agreeable protectors.

Mansell was forcibly struck with the graceful form, dignified carriage, and ingenuous countenance of Miss Byron. Her confusion, when she awoke from insensibility, in perceiving herself supported by an elegant young man, heightened every charm:

—her cheeks were suffused with blushes; her bosom palpitated, and the pleasing agitation gave additional lustre to every beauty.

With that confidence and self-collection which ever characterized him, Mansell immediately placed Miss Byron's arm within his own, and proceeded onward;—leaving the mortified Radcliffe to convoy the aunt.

During their walk, Mansell perpetually exerted himself to please his fair companion. He evinced the gentlest solicitude to remove every disagreeable recollection;—he displayed every insinuating art and captivating attention to soothe her pride and gratify her vanity. His vivacious conversation and insinuating address impressed her with the most favourable opinion of his accomplishments:—his handsome person, polished manners, and eyes beaming

with animation and tenderness, were irresistibly fascinating to a girl of seventeen.

Miss Byron experienced an unusual oppression at her heart, when the gentlemen prepared to depart: — but her spirits revived, as Mansell gently whispered, that he should presume to enquire after her health on the following morning.

CHAPTER XI.

MANSELL would not accompany his friends on their morning excursion, under the pretence of answering some letters of importance. The desire of visiting the interesting girl whom he had so accidentally encountered was, however, the real motive that superinduced this excuse.

The charms of Miss Byron had made no slight impression on his heart; and Mansell was never accustomed to abstain from the gratification of his inclinations, by any less powerful considerations than his own interest or aggrandisement.

His friends had scarcely quitted the hotel, when Mansell, winged with love and expectation, flew to the mansion of his lovely mistress. Propitious to his wishes, he found Miss Byron at home and alone. Her cousin, at whose house she resided, had been sent for to attend a patient; and her aunt had walked out with an acquaintance.

Miss Byron's heart beat with joy and exultation; her brilliant eyes beamed with renovated lustre; and her mind-illumined countenance expressed the delight that glowed in her bosom. Imagination may conceive the pleasure which they now experienced. Miss Byron was delighted with the elegant person, sprightly conversation, and insinuating attentions of Mansell; while the lover was not less captivated by the graceful form, bewitching softness, and

delicate sentiments of his fair companion.

The return of her aunt, though it interrupted their interesting *tête-à-tête,* afforded Mansell an opportunity of knowing the precise situation and prospects of Miss Byron.

With her accustomed loquacity, Mrs. Brown thanked Mansell for his polite attention:—she ridiculed her niece's terrors; enquired concerning his friend; and declared, that she considered the accident as fortunate, since it had introduced them to the acquaintance of such agreeable gentlemen.

Mansell discovered, from her observations, that Miss Byron had been betrothed by her late mother to her cousin, an apothecary, at whose house she now resided. With her usual heedlessness and want of penetration, her aunt continued to expatiate on

her approaching nuptials. "Thank Heaven! Charlotte," concluded the loquacious woman, "I shall soon be relieved from all my cares and anxieties, when I consign you to the protection of a respectable husband."

Mansell fixed his scrutinizing eyes on Miss Byron, whose intelligent countenance betrayed the emotions of her heart; and convinced him, that in this proposed arrangement her affections had not been consulted.

Fearful lest any incertitude should remain on his mind, Miss Byron declared her abhorrence of the projected marriage.

She had ever regarded her cousin with indifference: and the superior accomplishments and elegant person of her new admirer served to increase her repugnance to this detested union.

As her cousin's return was momentarily expected, Mansell, desirous of

avoiding his presence, retired; exulting in the anticipated possession of his lovely mistress.

During his walk to his hotel, he ruminated on his future plans and operations. Miss Byron's humble situation, her approaching marriage with a man she disliked, would, he considered, facilitate his intentions.

He had discovered that she was deeply versed in the tenets of modern philosophy and the rights of women; and he hoped that those convenient doctrines would enable him to mould her opinions to his purposes. Her sentiments were ardent and almost romantic, her bosom was dissolving with sensibility; and by the plausible sophistry of her favourite writers, he imagined that he could render her regardless of the forms and ceremonies of society.

Mansell had ingeniously drawn from

Mrs. Brown, that her niece and herself generally walked about a certain hour each day, in the beautiful gardens of the *Thuilleries*: he therefore seldom omitted to visit this enchanting spot; which received additional charms in his eyes, when graced by the presence of his elegant mistress. He also frequently paraded before her door, watching the departure of the apothecary, and immediately as the intended Benedick disappeared, Mansell seized the favourable moment to breathe his passion to the lovely Charlotte.

CHAPTER XII.

As Delmore was so interestingly engaged with his father's distinguished friend Mr. * * *, he had disregarded the frequent absences of Mansell.

Charles Radcliffe had however noticed his repeated excuses; and suspected that Mansell was prosecuting an *affaire de cœur.* With his usual good humour and careless gaiety, Radcliffe hinted his suspicions; and rallied Mansell on his attachment.

Mansell affected to consider his remarks as mere *badinage;* and attempted to ridicule the supposition.

Radcliffe's sentiments were not changed by this pretended disregard and ridicule. He was convinced, that Mansell was offering up his adorations to some fair idol:—he recollected the fascinating girl whom they had met at the review; and suspected that his friend was sacrificing at the altar of this divinity. Radcliffe, therefore, determined to watch his motions; and exultingly anticipated the laugh which Delmore and himself would enjoy at the expense of Mansell.

According to his usual custom, Mansell separated from his friends, to take his station near the habitation of the apothecary. Radcliffe pretending an engagement to accompany a friend on some private business, waited to see Mansell leave the hotel; and following him at a short distance, he tracked him to Miss Byron's residence.

Shortly after Mansell had obtained admittance, Radcliffe knocked at the door; and on enquiring for Mrs. Brown and Miss Byron, the servant replied, that only her young mistress was at home.

The loud knocking at the door, and the sound of a man's voice had alarmed the lovers. In the agitation of fear, they imagined that the apothecary had returned. Miss Byron, terrified with this apprehension, prevailed on Mansell to avert a discovery by leaping out of the window.

The entrance of the servant discovered her mistake; and Miss Byron confusedly desired that Mr. Radcliffe might be admitted.

It is impossible to conceive a person more awkward and embarrassed than Charles Radcliffe was, when he entered the drawing-room. He expected to have pounced on Mansell:—

and by Miss Byron's confusion he suspected, that he was now concealed in the house. The lady, he imagined, was not greatly pleased with his appearance; and he began to consider that he had indulged an unjustifiable curiosity, and was guilty of impertinent intrusion.

Miss Byron, faulteringly, requested him to be seated; and Radcliffe stammered out an apology for not having called on her before. He then complimented her on her blooming loveliness; and expressed his ardent desire to cultivate an acquaintance, so fortuitously commenced.

A disjointed and desultory conversation then ensued; when constraint and embarrassment yielded to more violent emotions. The shutting of the street door, and the sound of her cousin's foot on the stairs, struck terror to the soul of Miss Byron. With all the

vehement agitation of fear, with all the powers of supplicating beauty in distress, she conjured Radcliffe to rescue her from mortification and discovery; and pointing out the only retreat, she almost pushed the unfortunate *Marplot* into the garden.

The windows of the room overhung the nursery of a neighbouring gardener. The distance to the ground was not considerable; but it was necessary to spring forwards, to avoid falling on a parterre of curious flowers.

As some rain had lately fallen on the ledge of the window, in endeavouring to make the required leap to reach the gravel walk, his foot slipped, and he fell on the parterre, destroying the glasses, and crushing the flowers. The cracking of the glass, and the noise of the fall, immediately brought the enraged gardener to the spot. One man had previously jumped

out of the window, injured his flowers, and instantaneously disappeared. The sight of another prostrate on the plants, which he had reared with such care and watched with so much diligence, threw him into a paroxysm of rage: he bestowed a volley of curses on the destroyer of his flowers; and seizing his fallen enemy, he was proceeding to inflict some corporal chastisement. —

Radcliffe requested the infuriated gardener to raise him from the ground, promising to make a liberal compensation for the plants which he had destroyed, and intimating that he would give him five *louis*, if he would moderate his voice, and conceal this adventure.

The man lifted Radcliffe from the ground; when the elegance of his apparel and the sight of several *louis-d'or*, appeased the indignation of the horticulturist. Radcliffe now discovered

that his ancle was violently sprained: he could not stand without experiencing considerable pain; and with some difficulty he reached the gardener's habitation.

Some fomentations were applied to mitigate the anguish of the part. After paying liberally for the flowers, and giving the gardener a considerable present, he proceeded in a *fiacre* to his hotel, cogitating on the painful effects of curiosity and inquisitiveness.

CHAPTER XIII.

EVERY moment that Mansell could seize to withdraw from the society of his friends, was devoted to Miss Byron.

In this soul-enchanting intercourse, time flew on the downy pinions of love and hope. Mutually delighted, they experienced no pleasure but in each other's presence;—they chided the lagging hours of absence, and looked with fond anxiety to their next meeting.

The professional pursuits of the apothecary supplied Mansell with frequent opportunites of visiting his fair

mistress; and as her aunt was extremely fond of rambling about with her numerous acquaintance, the lovers repeatedly enjoyed the ecstatic rapture of an uninterrupted interview.

The period fixed for Miss Byron's marriage was rapidly approaching; and Mansell was aware, that some decided measures must be immediately taken to rescue his lovely prize from the loathed embraces of her intended husband.

The ingenuous Charlotte had often expressed her abhorrence of this projected union. If Mrs. Brown heedlessly adverted to her expected nuptials, Miss Byron heard her observations with disgust; and declared that she would endure the severest penance, rather than become the companion of a man she so much despised.

In their last interesting conversation, Mansell had ingeniously intro-

duced this subject; when the open, unsophisticated girl candidly and warmly declared, that she revolted even at the supposition of being considered so void of every dignified feeling and liberal sentiment, as to enter from interested motives into a connection with any person of whom her heart did not approve.

With her accustomed sensibility and energy of expression she protested, that, though she would rather bury herself in the obscurity and silence of a convent, than debase the dignity a virtuous rational being by blending her fate with a person she disliked or contemned, to gain the affections of a man of taste and sentiment, — to share his pleasures, — to participate his confidence, — and soothe his sorrows, — she would encounter the greatest difficulties, and brave the fellest perils.

He protested, with equal ardour, that the rapturous bliss of such a union of soul would constitute a felicity almost too exquisite for mortal relish.

"With you, my Charlotte," said the enamoured Mansell, "every enjoyment of life would be exalted;—your sweet converse would mitigate the corrosions of disappointment;—your smiles would soothe the pangs of anguish;—or cheer the gloomy horrors of imprisonment and penury."

The contagion of her lover's enthusiastic passion transfused itself into her bosom. In a moment of overpowering sensibility, every feeling of her soul raised to the tone of ecstacy, the blushing, tender, half-reluctant maid, tremblingly acknowledged, how sensibly her heart sympathised with his sentiments;—how much her future happiness and peace of mind de-

pended on the sincerity of his professions!

Encouraged by her frank and unreserved declaration, Mansell's usual confidence was now increased. He rapturously pressed the blushing girl to his bosom, protesting, that he would snatch her from her impending engagement, if she would consent to unite her fortunes with one whose future life would be devoted to increase her pleasures, and confirm her happiness. The timid Charlotte blushed that consent which the tumultuous throbbing of her heart, and the violence of her emotions, prevented her tongue from uttering.

While her overcharged bosom was struggling to unburthen itself, the entrance of her aunt interrupted their raptures; and relieved her niece from the confusion into which she had been

thrown by the avowal of her lover's sentiments.

Mansell was secretly rejoiced at Mrs. Brown's return: he had obtained the fullest confirmation of his wishes, and he desired not to be too explicit. After a few cursory compliments to the aunt, Mansell returned to his hotel.

He had now succeeded, even beyond his most sanguine expectations: he had extorted from his mistress's lips a confession of the sincerity and ardour of her attachment. His penetrating mind enabled him to perceive that Miss Byron had, by the frequent perusal of the works of Rousseau, and other beautiful but dangerous writers, encouraged the natural susceptibility of her disposition, until it had degenerated into all the excess of a morbid sensibility. He knew how often the romantic enthusiast mistook the love

for the practice of virtue:—and he hoped, by the co-operating assistance of some of the fine-spun sophisms of the modern school, to persuade her, that *the individuality of an affection constituted its chastity;* and that forms and ceremonies were invented by the subtlety of priestcraft, and respected only by the ignorant and unenlightened. The purity and simplicity of her own heart, he was convinced, would never harbour any injurious suspicions of her lover's honour.

Charlotte Byron, indeed, did not imagine that a monster could exist sufficiently selfish,—so lost to every generous sentiment, so callous to every feeling of humanity,—to obtain a momentary gratification by the eternal destruction of the peace and happiness of that being whom he professed to idolize. Her own bosom, the seat of virtue, purity, and truth, cherished

a favourable opinion of the human species. With the miseries of her fellow creatures, her heart sympathised; at the recital of a generous action, or magnanimous forbearance, her soul glowed with corresponding fervour. Looking through the medium of her own unadulterated sentiments and virtuous affections, she beheld mankind through the delusive vision of an ardent imagination, that surrounded objects with a brilliant colouring, which concealed or glossed over the darker shades that disfigured them.

Mansell contemplated the approaching nuptials with secret pleasure, as he imagined that a woman of her romantic sentiments would fly from a detested marriage to the protecting arms of a lover. He therefore waited, in the consciousness of certain success, for that period, when he imagined she would

consent to run from the irksomeness of restraint to love and liberty.

Mansell had engaged to meet his charming mistress and her aunt at the *Theatre Feydeau;* and he resolved to seize so favourable an opportunity to press the enamoured girl to elope. The comedy had scarcely commenced, when Mansell entered the theatre. He was surprised, on opening the box-door, not to see his lovely Charlotte, as she had promised to attend very early. Concluding that some accident had occasioned the delay, he waited with eager impatience, starting at every sound, and looking round at every noise for the appearance of his party. During the whole of the play, he continued to torture himself with anxious conjectures on the cause of their absence. One moment he feared, and almost hoped, that some slight indisposition might have prevented

her attendance:—the next instant, he dreaded lest her aunt had disclosed his visits and attentions to the apothecary; who might have remonstrated with his intended bride, on the impropriety of her attachment to a stranger, with whose intentions she was unacquainted,—on whose honour she ought to place little reliance.

Disgusted, mortified, and perplexed, he retired early to his apartments;—a prey to all the distracting agitations of disappointment and slighted love.

While Mansell was thus torturing his imagination with these distressing conjectures at the theatre, Miss Byron's bosom was overwhelmed with the mingled passions of grief and terror.

The apothecary had remarked that the ladies were more frequently absent from home than usual: the increasing indifference and repulsive coldness of

Miss Byron had not escaped his observation; and his jealous fancy presented the image of a successful rival. Actuated by this tormenting suspicion, he employed a person to watch the motions of his mistress.

The faithful *Argus* reported, that she was constantly attended in her walks by a handsome young Englishman.

The enraged lover determined to seize an opportunity to obtain a confirmation of his spy's intelligence; and resolved to exhaust his deadliest venom on the head of a favoured rival, and inconstant mistress.

——————— "Jealousy of love,
"Greater than fame—thou eldest of all passions,
"Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee!
"Where-e'er thou'rt thron'd, in air, or earth, or
"hell,
"Bring me to my revenge."

He informed the ladies that a pa-

tient, who resided at Versailles, was so dangerously indisposed, that he should be constrained to continue for some days at the house of this gentleman.

Relieved from his troublesome interference, the ladies proposed to visit the theatre, and solicited Mansell to participate the entertainment of the evening.

Mansell had so artfully insinuated himself into the good opinion of Mrs. Brown, by humouring her caprices and indulging her foibles, that she was almost as eager as her niece to figure at the theatre with so elegant and fashionable a gentleman. The worthy lady, determining not to discredit her handsome *chaperone*, had submitted to the operations of a celebrated hair-dresser, and bedizened herself in all her finery; while the lovely Charlotte, arrayed with elegant

simplicity, and panting to hasten to her expecting lover, was impatiently awaiting the completion of her aunt's toilette.

This important occupation was now terminated:—the fiacre was at the door:—the ladies were descending the stairs, their bosoms beating to display their charms; when, as they entered the passage, the figure of the apothecary impeded their progress. Had the apparition of a departed relative presented its bloodless form to their terrified imaginations, they could not have been more alarmed! They screamed involuntarily, and precipitately retreated in the greatest consternation.

The exasperated vender of medicines pursued them with lips quivering with rage and jealousy. He upbraided Miss Byron for her perfidy and inconstancy; and vented a volley of curses on her

aunt for her unjustifiable connivance: —he dispatched the carriage, and insisted that the ladies should not stir out of the house that evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

After a night of anxious reflection, Mansell hurried to the street where Miss Byron resided, determined to ascertain the cause of his disappointment; and to discover whether it had originated from her indisposition; or had been occasioned by any interference of the apothecary. He passed and repassed the door irresolute and hesitating. Tired at last of patrolling the street, and bursting with anxious curiosity to remove this

torturing suspence, he boldly ventured to knock at the door. It was opened by the apothecary, who indignantly demanded his business.

Mansell, somewhat disconcerted, enquired, if a Monsieur Jean Brie lived there.

"No," replied the enraged *Sangrado;* and instantly shut the portal in his face.

Mansell now discovered, that the apothecary was acquainted with his visits to Miss Byron;—that he had prevented her attendance at the Theatre;—and that all access to his lovely mistress was denied.

He had written several billets-doux, to his adored Charlotte, and her answers were addressed to him under the assumed named of Granville, at the house of a confectioner in Rue ——: thither he impatiently hurried "If,"

he mentally observed, "she has been induced, by compulsion or fear, to violate her engagement, she will certainly relieve my anxious incertitude by communicating the cause of her absence."

On entering the house, he eagerly enquired if any billet had been transmitted for him.

The man replied, that no letter or message had been left.

Stung with love, rage, and mortified pride, he retired in sullen discontent to ruminate on his disappointment. The most violent and opposing passions rioted in his bosom: one moment he execrated the levity and inconstancy of the faithless girl;—affection then pleaded forcibly for her, and he framed innumerable excuses for her mysterious conduct.

Though Mansell was incapable of feeling the delicate sensibility of an

elegant passion, which seeks to promote the welfare and increase the felicity of the beloved object; yet Miss Byron had excited in his bosom, a furious ungovernable desire, that raged for self-indulgence.

The fascinations of the most engaging females, had usually maintained their captivating influence over his heart but for a short period; and he experienced no difficulty in solacing himself for their inconstancy or caprice by offering up his incense at the shrine of some new idol.

A thousand times in an exacerbation of mortified pride, he execrated her name; and resolved to banish her from his recollection. Affection, however, soon resumed her empire in his breast. He was also too much impressed with his own superior qualifications, to imagine that a young,

susceptible, romantic girl could so easily relinquish such a lover.

On the following morning he repaired to the confectioner's, and impatiently demanded if any letter or message had been delivered for him.

The man presented him with a note:—the superscription was his Charlotte's hand. He eagerly burst the envelope, trembling with fear, love, and hope; and after devouring the contents, he pressed the billet to his lips; and departed, agitated by all those ecstatic emotions which thrill a bosom raised from despair to joy and happiness.

Miss Byron concisely stated the unfortunate occurrence, which had prevented herself and Mrs. Brown, from meeting him at the Theatre. She then informed him, that the apothecary had insisted on her retiring to the chateau of a friend, a few miles

from Paris; from whence she was to return in ten days, when the long-expected marriage was intended to be consummated.

With the artless simplicity of an ingenuous candid mind—with all the warm colouring of a child of nature,—she developed the contending emotions which agitated her breast. She declared that she was inflexibly resolved rather to submit to the most menial employment, than consent to a union at which her heart revolted:—she pathetically described the wretchedness of her condition, and delineated the probable miseries that would ensue from thus renouncing the protection of her relatives; and concluded her innocent unsophisticated effusions, by conjuring the beneficent Author of the universe, to shower down his choicest blessings on an object too tenderly beloved. A

maid-servant, on whom she could confide, would, she subjoined, call next morning for his answer.

"Never," ejaculated Mansell, exultingly, "did fortune shine more propitious to my wishes!—He perceived that Miss Byron was determined to flee from this detested union; and he confidently hoped, that by address and adulation he should persuade the lovely girl to seek an asylum in the protecting arms of a lover."

Elated with love, rapture, and expectation, he returned to his hotel; and pretending to be afflicted with a violent head-ache, he excused himself from attending Lord Henry Delmore and his friends, to the ball given by the English Ambassador.

As soon as his party had departed, he addressed the following letter to Miss Byron: —

"MY BELOVED CHARLOTTE,

"Your charming letter has relieved me from torturing doubts and agonies unutterable. Amidst the violent conflict of opposing passions, pardon me, my Charlotte, if I even suspected your constancy and affection. Yet how could I, even in thought, so unjustly traduce your angelic purity and transcendant truth by such unworthy suspicions? Generous, idolized woman! judge of the fervour of my attachment by the wretchedness which your imaginary inconstancy produced;—and estimate my sincerity by the candour of my confession.

"Your noble sentiments have confirmed the elevated opinion I had previously conceived of your enlightened intellect. Can feeling, thinking beings consent to unite their persons

where their minds do not assimilate? Shall my Charlotte, formed to captivate the heart of a man of taste and sentiment, to adorn a court, or excite admiration in the breasts of monarchs, waste her sweetness on a fellow of vulgar habits and inelegant pursuits? Perish,—perish the supposition!

"Yet, my Charlotte, one only mode presents itself to avert this detested connexion:—renounce the protection of your friends, and fly from persecution to love and liberty. My arms, my heart, are open to receive you! banish fastidious delicacy and unnecessary punctilio; and cheer with your presence, the existence of that being, who lives but in your smiles; whose future happiness or misery depends on your decision!

"I shall impatiently expect your reply: which will either gladden me

with joy and rapture, or inflict the severest pangs on

"Your affectionate,

"GEORGE GRANVILLE."

Mansell proceeded to the confectioner's; and at the appointed time, Nannette, Miss Byron's servant, appeared.

Presenting the letter, he pressed her with a thousand questions concerning her mistress: — he complimented the pretty Abigail on her address; and, slipping into her hand a purse with five louis, declared that he would double the sum, if she obtained him a favourable answer.

The lively Nannette curtseyed her thanks; and promised to bring him a reply on the following morning. At the appointed hour, Mansell hastened to learn Miss Byron's determination.

Punctual to her engagement, Nannette appeared with the promised answer. — Mansell hastily snatched it

from her hand, and eagerly glanced over the contents. His lovely mistress, after hoping that her conduct would not degrade her in his estimation, frankly declared, that the possession of his affections constituted her only happiness; and concluded by observing that, as her unfortunate destiny compelled her to abjure a connexion at which her soul sickened, she could only look for shelter and repose by throwing herself on his honour and generosity.

She intimated, that he might freely communicate with Nannette; on whose attachment he might rely with unlimited confidence.

Mansell retired with the smiling confidante into the back-parlour;—where they speedily arranged the plan for Miss Byron's elopement.

It was agreed, that her mistress should assume a greater complacency

towards the apothecary; — that she should affect a change of sentiments; —appear to be gratified by his attentions; — and consent, with some little reluctance, to the meditated marriage. — "Such conduct would," he observed, "lull her intended husband's suspicions, and calm every jealous apprehension."

He proposed, that, on the morning after her return to Paris, she should fabricate an excuse to purchase some ornaments for her person, at a jeweller's in Rue ***, where he would be in waiting to receive her.

Mansell then dismissed the lively *femme-de-chambre*, with an additional bribe of five louis; — and flattered her by protesting, that she must accompany her mistress.

Exulting in the success of his schemes, he rejoined his party; and during the evening, his exhilarated

sprightliness and vivacious sallies amused and astonished his companions. Never did Mansell's bosom thrill with more delightful emotions! -- he experienced a joy so ecstatic, that even the transient apprehension, lest any unforeseen occurrence might interrupt or retard his expected felicity, could not depress his spirits. He was even gratified that some days would elapse before the blissful moment arrived, as he might prepare his friends for his intended excursion, and thereby prevent any suspicions arising from an abrupt departure.

The next morning, he mentioned to Lord Henry Delmore, that he had received a letter from a friend at Milan, who expected shortly to be united to an Italian lady of considerable fortune.

"I have been pressed," continued Mansell, "to be present at the so-

lemnization of their nuptials; and as I feel deeply interested in my friend's good fortune, I intend to steal away from you and Radcliffe for a short period."

"I felicitate you," said Delmore, "on your friend's auspicious prospects; though I regret that my pleasures will be temporarily obscured. However I will not repine at your gratification; but content myself with believing, that your friendship will induce you to accelerate your return."

Mansell expressed his regret at tearing himself from the society of his noble friend; and stated that he consented, with some reluctance, to this excursion. He then informed Lord Henry, that he intended to leave Paris that day se'nnight.

During the intermediate time, he sedulously endeavoured, by the most

unremitting exertions and pleasing attentions, to excite in the bosom of Delmore a livelier regret at parting. Mansell was secretly pleased at the opportunity of absenting himself for a short time from Paris:—he knew, that occasional separations often revivified the expiring flame of love or friendship; that the possession which sometimes cloys and languishes by its security, receives increased zest and poignancy by a temporary privation.

On the appointed evening, after taking a cordial leave of Delmore and his friends, Mansell entered a travelling-carriage which he had hired for the journey.—The postillions were secretly instructed to stop at the corner of Rue * * *.

Mansell alighted there; and hurried with eager steps and bounding heart to the jeweller's house.

He was disappointed at not behold-

ing Miss Byron: — he traversed the shop with impatient steps; — one moment he sat down in the back-parlour; — then suddenly starting up, he recrossed the shop; — looked out at the door; — returned; — took up several articles; — asked many questions, inattentive to the replies; — stared about vacantly; — then unconsciously hummed a tune.

The entrance of Nannette recalled him from his reverie: the sprightly *femme-de-chambre*, with her national volubility, anticipated interrogation, by informing him, that Miss Byron was in a *fiacre* at a little distance. Mansell seized her hand, and hurried to join his lovely mistress.

Miss Byron could with difficulty support her agitations; affection, female dignity, and sexual delicacy contended within her bosom. Her attachment to

Mansell was ardent and boundless ;— yet with the innate modesty of her sex, she shrunk from the indelicacy of her situation ; — she felt that as she was degraded in her own opinion, she might be perhaps debased in his estimation ; — and she almost wished, that she could retrace her steps.

Distracted with her reflections, she trembled with fearful apprehension ;— and when Mansell entered the carriage, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, she sunk into his arms.

The ardour of her lover's caresses recalled her to sense and animation; and the fervid vehemence of his protestations reassured her fainting hopes. Oppressed by opposing passions, she alighted from the *fiacre* ; and resting on her lover's arm, walked with trembling steps to the travelling-carriage.

In proud elation of heart, Mansell seated himself by his lovely Charlotte; and the postillions, allured by the promise of a considerable reward, proceeded with impetuous celerity.

CHAPTER XV.

WHILE Mansell and his fair mistress were pursuing their journey to Italy, Lord Henry Delmore received a letter from his aunt, containing intelligence, which overwhelmed him with sorrow and regret. Lady Sarah Temple lamented, that the painful task of communicating such afflicting information should have been imposed on her: — she pathetically stated, that the Marquis of Melrose had been attacked by a paralytic stroke;—that he had ever since continued insensible;— and that his life was consider-

ed by his physicians in imminent danger. She concluded by conjuring Lord Henry, in the name of his mother, to return to England immediately.

From the servant who travelled express with this letter, Delmore ascertained, that littles hopes were entertained of his father's recovery;—and that the greatest expedition would scarcely enable him to arrive in time to receive the dying injunctions and parting blessing of a revered parent.

Delmore instantly dispatched the servant to request the company of Mr. Ainsworth and Mr. Charles Radcliffe.

With a bosom overcharged with affliction and anguish, he presented Lady Sarah Temple's letter for their inspection.

Having ascertained the melancholy occasion of Delmore's sorrow, they

endeavoured to administer the only consolation in their power by encouraging him to hope, that, as paralytic affections were frequently not fatal, the Marquis of Melrose might recover from this severe attack. His friends were deeply distressed by this afflicting intelligence; Mr. Ainsworth respected the character and venerated the virtues of the Marquis of Melrose: Radcliffe also greatly revered him, but his regret chiefly arose from the sincere regard which he entertained for Delmore.

Lord Henry regarded his father with the most enthusiastic veneration;—his manly firmness, dignified independence, comprehensive intellect, unblemished integrity, and incorruptible patriotism had excited in his mind sentiments of the most exalted admiration. The brighter shades of the Marquis's character had alone

been presented to his view: — his stately haughtiness and saturnine reserve had ever relaxed into complacency and kindness to his favourite son.

The apprehension of losing a parent so revered, palsied his fortitude; — even hope almost forsook him;— and he could with difficulty sustain himself from sinking into despondency. With restless impatience he declared, that he would not lose a moment before he hastened to behold a beloved father, — to watch the pillow of sickness, — to assuage, if possible, the pangs of anguish, — to hear his last sighs, and catch his parting breath!

His friends endeavoured to calm the agitation, and mitigate the restlessness of his mind, by their active exertions to accelerate his departure.

An ardent and long-cemented at-

tachment to the Marquis of Melrose, impelled Mr. Ainsworth to accompany Lord Henry to England; and Radcliffe, who lamented the Marquis's dangerous condition, could not resist so favourable an occasion to revisit his native country.

Radcliffe hurried to the house of the English Ambassador and the proper offices to obtain their passports;—while Mr. Ainsworth was busily occupied in making the necessary arrangements for the journey. Their exertions were redoubled to gratify Delmore's impatient wishes; and before the day had closed, Lord Henry and his friends had lost sight of Paris.

They continued to pursue their journey with unabated celerity. Delmore could not patiently brook the necessary delay of changing horses and partaking refreshments;—and in

compliance with the feverish anxiety of his feelings, his friends studiously endeavoured to shorten their every stoppage.

Still the moments moved with leaden wings; — and the distance appeared most tediously prolonged!

Delmore was dissatisfied with the drivers; and irritated by the tardiness of the servants at the inns; and during the whole journey, he was continually urging the postillions to proceed with greater celerity; or stimulating their speed by the allurements of an increased reward.

The carriage had now approached a very high hill, which, from its uncommon length and steepness, compelled the postillions to moderate their pace. While the vehicle was thus proceeding slowly, three men rushed forwards, and seizing the horses' heads,

threatened to shoot the drivers, unless they instantly stopped.

The stoppage of the carriage surprised and irritated Delmore: — letting down one of the glasses, he vehemently ordered the postillions to proceed.

Alarmed by the fall of the glass and the violence of his manner, the robbers, imagining that resistance was intended, discharged a pistol at the carriage. Delmore received a ball in his shoulder, and sunk into the arms of Mr. Ainsworth.

The arrival of the servants who were well armed, and the intrepid conduct of Radcliffe, who, infuriated by the sufferings of his friend, had sprung from the carriage, so intimidated the villains, that they precipitately decamped. Every person was too much occupied with Lord Henry, to pursue the robbers.

Mr. Ainsworth directed one of the servants to hurry with all possible expedition to Calais, to prepare every necessary accommodation, and secure the attendance of a skilful surgeon.

Bandages were applied to Lord Henry's wound, to staunch the blood; — and the carriage proceeded gently to Calais.

Lord Henry's servant had already communicated the circumstance of his master being dangerously wounded, which the arrival of the surgeon confirmed: a report soon circulated through the town, that a young English lord had been attacked and murdered by robbers; and when the carriage entered Calais, it was surrounded by numbers, eagerly crouding to obtain a sight of the unfortunate nobleman.

The waiters at the Inn had officiously sought occasions to enter the

rooms of the different guests, to diffuse the intelligence:—and it was almost universally reported through the town, that an English nobleman had been murdered by robber .

Among the inmates of Dessein's spacious inn, were Mrs. Lascelles and her daughter, who were proceeding to England. The intelligence of the assassination of a British nobleman curdled their blood with horror: they eagerly enquired his name; and started with terror, when the *garçon* replied, *Milord Delmore.*

The arrival of Lord Henry Delmore attracted every person to behold the spectacle; and every heart melted with sympathy, and burned with rage, as they viewed the wounded man, supported in the arms of his friends and servants.

The susceptible bosom of Mrs. Lascelles was agonized by the dreadful

scene;—a sensation of chilling horror seized the heart of Maria, as she beheld the countenance of the elegant nobleman who had so kindly protected her; whom she had formerly seen glittering in all the pride of manly beauty, birth, and dignity;—the idol of his parents;—the ornament of his family;—and the delight of his friends;—now pale, languid, and almost lifeless; and destined perhaps to perish in a foreign land by the hand of an assassin!

Delmore was conveyed to his chamber: the surgeon examined the wound, and the ball was extracted.

Mr. Ainsworth eagerly but tremblingly enquired, if the wound was dangerous.

The surgeon replied, that the wound was but slight; yet his patient was extremely debilitated by the loss of

blood; and he was apprehensive of fever.

Relieved from the dreaded anticipation of immediate danger, Mr. Ainsworth informed the surgeon of the melancholy occasion of their return to England; and requested to know if Delmore, who was impatient to behold his father, could with safety proceed on his journey.

"Should he attempt even to leave his bed," replied the surgeon, "for some days; his life will infallibly be the forfeit of his temerity. Want of rest, and the agitation of his mind, have already disordered his frame. We must endeavour to sooth his irritated spirits by the promise of a speedy removal; and by administering some narcotic medicines, I hope to remove the symptoms of an incipient fever.

Mr. Ainsworth conjured the surgeon to exert his utmost skill and ability to preserve so valuable a life:—he mentioned that Lord Henry's parents were persons of the most elevated rank and splendid fortunes; who would munificently remunerate the preserver of an amiable son.

Anxious to obtain an accurate account of this melancholy occurrence, Mrs. Lascelles had interrogated one of the servants concerning this disastrous rencontre. She devoured, with eager attention, every circumstance of his narration, while tears of sorrow and regret glistened in the eyes of her lovely daughter. The servant having informed her that Lord Henry Delmore was accompanied by Mr. Ainsworth and Mr. Radcliffe, Maria immediately intimated, that she was acquainted with both those gentlemen.

Mrs. Lascelles possessed a mind so

elevated, so superior to all unnecessary formality, her heart ever panted to benefit her fellow creatures, that, in the ardent endeavour of extending her usefulness, and only conscious of Delmore's sufferings, she disregarded the rigid punctilio of ceremonious étiquette.

She dispatched a note to Charles Radcliffe, stating, that an English lady, whose daughter had the honour of being acquainted with the Delmore family, and who deeply deplored this fatal event, would be proud to render every assistance on this melancholy occasion.

Radcliffe immediately recollected the name of Lascelles; and desired the waiter to conduct him to her apartments.

When he entered the room, he recognized the beautiful girl whom he had seen at Melrose Castle.

The ladies eagerly enquired if Lord Henry's wound was considered dangerous.

Radcliffe replied, that, in the opinion of the surgeon, no immediate danger was to be apprehended. He then expressed his gratitude to Mrs. Lascelles for her humane and generous offer; declaring, that as she had so kindly proffered her assistance, he would intrude on her to give the necessary directions to the female attendants.

Mrs. Lascelles requested, that Mr. Ainsworth and himself would honour her with their company at supper.

Radcliffe then retired to Lord Henry's chamber. The surgeon had dressed the wound, and administered an anodyne mixture; and as Delmore was composed and inclined to sleep, he advised the gentlemen to withdraw.

Radcliffe then returned with Mr. Ainsworth to Mrs. Lascelles' apartments.—The favourable account which Mr. Ainsworth gave of his wounded friend, greatly relieved the ladies. During supper, Mr. Ainsworth joined with Radcliffe in grateful acknowledgments for her liberal offer: he felicitated Delmore on the tender assiduity and careful attention which he would now experience; and politely intimated, that Lord Henry was almost an object of envy, to excite such solicitude for his preservation.

He then informed Mrs. Lascelles of the perilous situation of the Marquis of Melrose; and declared his intention of immediately proceeding to Delmore House.—"As I shall leave Lord Henry," he concluded, "under the protection of so sincere a friend, and under the care of such a nurse; I shall,

without fear, embark to-morrow for England.

During the evening, the conversation exclusively turned on the probable dissolution of the Marquis, and the disastrous accident that had menaced the life of his son; and, as Mr. Ainsworth intended to embark in the first packet, the friendly party separated at an early hour.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Ainsworth arose early, and immediately hastened to Delmore's chamber: the attendant informed him, that the opiate had produced the most beneficial effects, and that Lord Henry had enjoyed some hours of unremitted repose. He approached the bed, and pressed the feverish hand of his wounded friend: Delmore observed, that he had passed a very tranquil night; that the pain of his wound was considerably abated; and that he wished to continue his journey to England. Though Mr. Ainsworth applauded the filial piety that prompted

this wish, he gently remonstrated with him on the imbecility and uselessness of suffering his mind to be so violently irritated, and his fortitude to be depressed by those afflictions, which are the inevitable lot of human nature. Affectionately pressing his hand, Mr. Ainsworth observed:

"If you persist in your determination to proceed on your journey, your temerity will indubitably occasion your destruction; and, instead of gladdening your father by your presence, I shall only appear, when I communicate the fatal tidings, as the assassin of his peace, and the murderer of his hopes. Consider, my dear friend, and do not aggravate the affliction of your family and plunge them into despair, by the privation of so beloved a relative. As I purpose to embark immediately for Dover, whence I shall proceed, with all pos-

sible expedition, to Delmore House, I will, on my arrival, instantaneously transmit an account of your father's situation to you; and you may confide in my promise, that I will neither lull you into a fallacious security, nor conceal the extent of his danger. In a few days I anticipate that you will be sufficiently recovered to proceed, by easy stages, to rejoin your family.

Mr. Ainsworth's mild expostulation, his promise of sending authentic intelligence, and the expectation of his own speedy departure, slightly allayed the restless agitation of his mind:—Delmore entreated his friend to pursue his route with the greatest celerity; and conjured him to bear his affectionate solicitude and tender regret to his revered parent.

Having so far succeeded in tranquillizing Delmore's mind, and, in some degree, reconciling him to the

necessary delay, Mr. Ainsworth, after taking a friendly farewell, retired from the chamber.

He found Mrs. Lascelles, her daughter, and Radcliffe, assembled at breakfast: he requested Radcliffe to exert his most strenuous endeavours to mitigate the irritation, and alleviate the sorrows of his friend; and most emphatically exhorted him not to consent to Lord Henry's departure, until the surgeon extended his permission.

Mr. Ainsworth then renewed his thanks to Mrs. Lascelles, for her amiable and condescending attention to his friend.

Mrs. Lascelles expressed her determination to continue at Calais so long as her assistance or superintendance might be beneficial to Lord Henry.

Mr. Ainsworth avowed his satisfaction in consigning Delmore to such careful hands.

The waiter now announced that the packet was ready; when Mr. Ainsworth, after again recommending his friend to their solicitude and tenderness, embarked, attended by a servant, for England.

Under the care of a skilful surgeon, and the soothing attentions of his friends,. Delmore's health was rapidly improving; though, the restless anxiety of his mind retarded his recovery.—His impatience to behold his father was so excessive, that the united persuasions of Radcliffe and the surgeon could only induce him to delay his journey for three days.

On the preceding day to that on which Delmore had peremptorily fixed for his departure, Radcliffe received a letter from Mr. Ainsworth; stating that, on his arrival at Delmore House, he found the family in the deepest affliction, as his revered friend had ex-

pired early on that morning. He conjured Radcliffe to conceal the death of the Marquis of Melrose, unless the impatience of Delmore, by stimulating him to act in defiance of his surgeon's advice, should compel him to announce the disastrous intelligence.

Mr. Ainsworth had dispatched a messenger to Radcliffe, immediately on his arrival, as he feared that Delmore's ardent temper, his enthusiastic affection for his father, and his unceasing anxiety, would urge him to hasten to England, regardless of the advice and remonstrances of his surgeon,—and thus endanger his life in the fruitless expectation to obtain a gratification of which Heaven had denied the enjoyment.—Even should it be impossible to conceal the fatal tidings from his knowledge, Mr. Ainsworth hoped that reflection and time would reconcile him to an irrevocable misfor-

tune: he knew that when the mind was agitated by the contending vicissitudes of hope and fear, nature was convulsed by the agonizing struggle:—but when the most dreadful calamity assails it, the heart contracts itself in moody sullenness, and endeavours to accommodate itself to the severity of its afflictions.

Mr. Ainsworth hoped that, as the certainty of his father's dissolution would prevent the feverish irritation of suspense, the excess of grief would be less injurious to Delmore, in his present condition, than the restless, dissatisfied impatience which he continued to indulge.

Soon after the receipt of Mr. Ainsworth's letter, Radcliffe entered the chamber of his wounded friend: he endeavoured to persuade him to postpone his departure: but Lord Henry sternly and positively replied, that

he could no longer endure such torturing suspense, and that he was resolved, even if his life should be sacrificed to his determination, not to delay his journey beyond to-morrow.

Finding him thus obstinately bent on proceeding to England, Radcliffe endeavoured to prepare his mind for the heart-rending intelligence; — and when he had touched on those topics, and used the arguments, which he considered as most calculated to produce resignation and submission to the will of Providence, he faulteringly announced the death of the Marquis of Melrose!

Delmore was overwhelmed with consternation and horror;—he sat in all the mute agony of despair; till, overpowered by the poignancy of his sensations, he sunk in silent dejection on his pillow.—His debilitated frame, exhausted by bodily pain, and the se-

vere conflicts of mental agony, could not support such accumulated misery. The application of stimulants recalled him to sensation and recollection; and he awoke to the consciousness of wretchedness and anguish.

Radcliffe ordered the attendants to withdraw; and soon after he himself retired, in the well-founded expectation, that the tempest which raged in Delmore's bosom, would exhaust itself by its own fury; and that his agitated mind would, by the undisturbed indulgence of its sorrows, gradually subside into calm resignation and pious submission.

——————— "We know,
"There oft is found an avarice of grief;
"And the wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze
"Upon its secret hoards of treasur'd woes
"In pining solitude!"———

The arrival of the surgeon compelled Radcliffe to re-enter Delmore's room:

the surgeon declared, that the uncommon quickness of Lord Henry's pulse, and the shortness of his breathing, rendered him apprehensive that he would experience a dangerous relapse; unless his friends could succeed in soothing his agitated spirits, and moderating the violence of his emotions.

Mrs. Lascelles was deeply afflicted by this melancholy event; the tender recollection of the violent death of her own parent, excited in her bosom the liveliest sympathy for the severe afflictions of Delmore. She united her efforts with those of Radcliffe to tranquillize his distracted mind, and reassure his fainting spirits:— she unremittingly endeavoured to direct his thoughts from the contemplation of his miseries,—to revive the pleasing images of hope, and to recall him by every engaging attention and ingenious contrivance, from gloomy de-

spondence to the alluring smiles of joy and happiness.

The natural energies of his mind at length recovered from the paralyzing influence of despair; he became resigned and tranquil:—the exertions of his friends to dissipate the clouds of melancholy, and relieve the languor of sickness, were never relaxed; and in his restoration to health and composure, Mrs. Lascelles and Radcliffe enjoyed a pleasing reward for their anxious care, and tender solicitude.

Delmore's health was now so far re-established, that he obtained permission of his surgeon to leave his chamber on the following morning.

Mrs. Lascelles considered, that the residence of her daughter at an inn, in company with two young men of fashion, was not strictly consistent with propriety and decorum. She therefore intimated to Radcliffe her

intention of immediately embarking for England.

Radcliffe conjured her to defer her journey for a few days.

"I hope," continued he, "that the considerate kindness which has prompted you to alleviate the situation of my wounded friend, will induce you to extend your generous indulgence, and to comply with my request. The agreeable conversation of yourself and lovely daughter, which has even delighted such a rattle as myself, must possess irresistible charms for a man of Lord Henry's refined taste and elegant sentiments. Let me intreat you to postpone your departure; and if reason does not convince you of the propriety of my request, humanity and friendship will, I hope, induce you yield to my intercession.

Radcliffe's good-humour and zea-

lous friendship had already secured Mrs. Lascelles' esteem: pleased with an opportunity to oblige him, she consented to accede to his proposal.

Delmore's kindness to her daughter had gratified the fond mother.—Mr. Arnold so repeatedly extolled his benevolence, affability, and generosity; Radcliffe and Mr. Ainsworth always mentioned him with such affection and respect;—that Mrs. Lascelles was really desirous of being better acquainted with the object of such universal esteem and admiration.

Radcliffe had frequently spoken of Miss Lascelles in terms of enthusiastic approbation; and his applauses had excited in Delmore's breast a strong curiosity to behold this paragon of female excellence, who, when a child, was so conspicuous for her fascinating loveliness.

As soon as Lord Henry received his surgeon's permission to quit his cham-

ber, he joined the ladies. His appearance diffused the greatest delight among his friends. He renewed his grateful acknowledgments to Mrs. Lascelles for her generous care and attention; and avowed his satisfaction in again meeting her daughter, whom he had formerly so accidentally encountered.

Maria Lascelles blushed her thanks for his obliging expressions: she then affectionately enquired concerning the female branches of the Delmore family; and declared, that the recollection of their indulgent kindness was indelibly impressed on her memory.

The severe indisposition of Delmore, his recent loss, and the soft melancholy that shaded his countenance, gave an interesting gentleness to his manners, that rendered him an impressive object to a delicate suscep-

tible female. Maria Lascelles had ever cherished with pleasing remembrance, the engaging attentions which Delmore had shewn to her when a child; —the transient glance which she had obtained of him as he passed on his road to Paris, had recalled to her memory the agreeable scenes of Melrose Castle; —and the late calamitous events had excited in her bosom the most ardent sympathy and trembling apprehensions for his situation.—She experienced a slight confusion, as Delmore retraced the scene and described the ciscumstances of their first meeting; and as he expatiated on some occurrences at Melrose Castle, her bosom glowed with sensations to which it had been unaccustomed.

If Maria Lascelles was discomposed by the powerful emotions that revelled in her bosom; Delmore's breast ex-

perienced no inconsiderable interruption of its tranquillity.—The lovely child whom he had formerly protected, had ever warmly interested his feelings; and this prepossession was not diminished by contemplating the dazzling beauties of the blooming maid.

Maria Lascelles had now attained the age of sixteen:—she was exquisitely proportioned; dignity and grace were blended in her form. A mixed sensibility and intelligence were displayed in her countenance;—her soft blue eyes beamed with gentleness and sweetness;—and her auburn hair, which profusely adorned her fine forehead, gave a majesty and expression to her animated features. To the charms of rapturous beauty, she united an amiable disposition,—a mind untainted by vice or affectation, and a modesty so innate, that, though she moved with a loveliness and grace in-

spiring affection in every beholder, the fair enslaver was alone unconscious of her resistless attractions.

In the polished society of Mrs. Lascelles and her amiable daughter, Delmore's mind received agreeable impressions, which aroused it from the morbid lethargy that had palsied its energies: his generous friends endeavoured, by every pleasing attention and agreeable device, to revive his hopes and dispel his melancholy. Music lent its animating influence to the charms of agreeable converse.

Mrs. Lascelles and her daughter frequently calmed his agitated spirits by the performance of the pathetic, soul-dissolving compositions of Metastasio and Mozart; or tranquillized his mind by the soothing powers of vocal melody.

Their generous efforts were successfully exerted; the serenity of his

mind diffused its healthful influence to his body;—his strength and vigour daily increased, and he resolved immediately to embark for England.

Mrs. Lascelles politely declined the offer of a seat in Lord Henry's carriage: and as her refusal greatly disconcerted him, Radcliffe entreated her to change her intentions; and, in compliance with his earnest persuasions, she consented to accompany them: and, after a short passage, they landed at Dover.

They continued several days at the Ship Hotel, to recruit their strength and renovate their spirits after the fatigue of the voyage. Mutually pleased, they were not anxious to expedite their journey. In the morning, they visited the almost impregnable Castle, situated on a stupendous rock; or rambled along the lofty cliffs immortalized by the descriptive

painting of Shakespeare: the evenings were devoted to social converse, or enlivened by the exhilarating sounds of harmony.

Our travellers rested a day at Canterbury, to examine the antiquities of that ancient city;—the venerable pile consecrated through so many ages to the service of Heaven, was regarded with admiration and reverence; and a sensation of sacred horror chilled their blood, as they viewed the spot where Dunstan was barbarously murdered by his savage assassins.

On the following morning, they arrived in town;—the whole party regretted the termination of their journey.—Lord Henry separated with reluctance from the lovely Maria, and immediately proceeded to Delmore House.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

J. Brettell, Printer, Marshall-Street, Golden-Square.